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## THOUGHTS ON MODERN LITERATURE.

THERE is no better illustration of the laws by which the world is governed than Literature. There is no luck in it. It proceeds by Fate. Every scripture is given by the inpiration of God. Every composition proceeds out of a greater or less depth of thought, and this is the measure of its effect. The highest class of books are those which express the moral element; the next, works of imagination; and the next, works of science; — all dealing in realities, — what ought to be, what is, and what appears. These, in proportion to the truth and beauty they involve, remain; the rest perish. They proceed out of the silent living mind to be heard again by the living mind. Of the best books it is hardest to write the history. Those books which are for all time are written indifferently at any time. For high genius is a day without night, a Caspian Ocean which hath no tides. And yet is literature in some sort a creature of time. Always the oracular soul is the source of thought, but always the occasion is administered by the low mediations of circumstance. Religion, Love, Ambition, War, some fierce antagonism, or it may be, some petty annoyance must break the round of perfect circulation, or no spark, no joy, no event can be. The poet rambling through the fields or the forest, absorbed in contemplation to that degree, that his walk is but a pretty dream, would never awake to precise thought, if the scream of an eagle, the cries of a crow or curlew near his head did not break the

sweet continuity. Nay the finest lyrics of the poet come of this unequal parentage; the imps of matter beget such child on the soul, fair daughter of God. Nature mixes facts with thoughts to yield a poem. But the gift of immortality is of the mother's side. In the spirit in which they are written is the date of their duration, and never in the magnitude of the facts. Everything lasts in proportion to its beauty. In proportion as it was not polluted by any wilfulness of the writer, but flowed from his mind after the divine order of cause and effect, it was not his but nature's, and shared the sublimity of the sea and sky. That which is truly told, nature herself takes in charge against the whims and injustice of men. For ages, Herodotus was reckoned a credulous gossip in his descriptions of Africa, and now the sublime silent desert testifies through the mouths of Bruce, Lyon, Caillaud, Burckhardt, Belzoni, to the truth of the calumniated historian.

And yet men imagine that books are dice, and have no merit in their fortune; that the trade and the favor of a few critics can get one book into circulation, and defeat another; and that in the production of these things the author has chosen and may choose to do thus and so. Society also wishes to assign subjects and methods to its writers. But neither reader nor author may intermeddle. You cannot reason at will in this and that other vein, but only as you must. You cannot make quaint combinations, and bring to the crucible and alembic of truth things far fetched or fantastic or popular, but your method and your subject are foreordained in all your nature, and in all nature, or ever the earth was, or it has no worth. All that gives currency still to any book, advertised in the morning's newspaper in London or Boston, is the remains of faith in the breast of men that not adroit book makers, but the inextinguishable soul of the universe reports of itself in articulate discourse to-day as of old. The ancients strongly expressed their sense of the unmanageableness of these words of the spirit by saying, that the God made his priest insane, took him hither and thither as leaves are whirled by the tempest. But we sing as we are bid. Our inspirations are very manageable and tame. Death and sin have whispered in the ear of the wild horse of Heaven, and he has become a dray and a hack. And step by step with

the entrance of this era of ease and convenience, the belief in the proper Inspiration of man has departed.

Literary accomplishments, skill in grammar and rhetoric, knowledge of books, can never atone for the want of things which demand voice. Literature is a poor trick when it busies itself to make words pass for things. The most original book in the world is the Bible. This old collection of the ejaculations of love and dread, of the supreme desires and contritions of men proceeding out of the region of the grand and eternal, by whatsoever different mouths spoken, and through a wide extent of times and countries, seems, especially if you add to our canon the kindred sacred writings of the Hindoos, Persians, and Greeks, the alphabet of the nations, — and all posterior literature either the chronicle of facts under very inferior ideas, or, when it rises to sentiment, the combinations, analogies, or degradations of this. The elevation of this book may be measured by observing, how certainly all elevation of thought clothes itself in the words and forms of speech of that book. For the human mind is not now sufficiently erect to judge and correct that scripture. Whatever is majestically thought in a great moral element, instantly approaches this old Sanscrit. It is in the nature of things that the highest originality must be moral. The only person, who can be entirely independent of this fountain of literature and equal to it, must be a prophet in his own proper person. Shakspeare, the first literary genius of the world, the highest in whom the moral is not the predominating element, leans on the Bible: his poetry supposes it. If we examine this brilliant influence — Shakspeare — as it lies in our minds, we shall find it reverent not only of the letter of this book, but of the whole frame of society which stood in Europe upon it, deeply indebted to the traditional morality, in short, compared with the tone of the Prophets, *secondary*. On the other hand, the Prophets do not imply the existence of Shakspeare or Homer, — advert to no books or arts, only to dread ideas and emotions. People imagine that the place, which the Bible holds in the world, it owes to miracles. It owes it simply to the fact that it came out of a profounder depth of thought than any other book, and the effect must be precisely proportionate. Gibbon fancied that it was combinations of circumstances that

gave Christianity its place in history. But in nature it takes an ounce to balance an ounce.

All just criticism will not only behold in literature the action of necessary laws, but must also oversee literature itself. The erect mind disparages all books. What are books? it saith: they can have no permanent value. How obviously initial they are to their authors. The books of the nations, the universal books, are long ago forgotten by those who wrote them, and one day we shall forget this primer learning. Literature is made up of a few ideas and a few fables. It is a heap of nouns and verbs enclosing an intuition or two. We must learn to judge books by absolute standards. When we are aroused to a life in ourselves, these traditional splendors of letters grow very pale and cold. Men seem to forget that all literature is ephemeral, and unwillingly entertain the supposition of its utter disappearance. They deem not only letters in general, but the best books in particular, parts of a preëstablished harmony, fatal, unalterable, and do not go behind Virgil and Dante, much less behind Moses, Ezekiel, and St. John. But no man can be a good critic of any book, who does not read it in a wisdom which transcends the instructions of any book, and treats the whole extant product of the human intellect as only one age revisable and reversible by him.

In our fidelity to the higher truth, we need not disown our debt in our actual state of culture, in the twilights of experience, to these rude helpers. They keep alive the memory and the hope of a better day. When we flout all particular books as initial merely, we truly express the privilege of spiritual nature; but, alas, not the fact and fortune of this low Massachusetts and Boston, of these humble Junes and Decembers of mortal life. Our souls are not self-fed, but do eat and drink of chemical water and wheat. Let us not forget the genial miraculous force we have known to proceed from a book. We go musing into the vault of day and night; no constellation shines, no muse descends, the stars are white points, the roses brick-colored leaves, and frogs pipe, mice cheep, and wagons creak along the road. We return to the house and take up Plutarch or Augustine, and read a few sentences or pages, and lo! the air swarms with life; the front of

heaven is full of fiery shapes; secrets of magnanimity and grandeur invite us on every hand; life is made up of them. Such is our debt to a book. Observe, moreover, that we ought to credit literature with much more than the bare word it gives us. I have just been reading poems which now in my memory shine with a certain steady, warm, autumnal light. That is not in their grammatical construction which they give me. If I analyze the sentences, it eludes me, but is the genius and suggestion of the whole. Over every true poem lingers a certain wild beauty, immeasurable; a happiness lightsome and delicious fills the heart and brain,—as they say, every man walks environed by his proper atmosphere, extending to some distance around him. This beautiful result must be credited to literature also in casting its account.

In looking at the library of the Present Age we are first struck with the fact of the immense miscellany. It can hardly be characterized by any species of book, for every opinion old and new, every hope and fear, every whim and folly has an organ. It prints a vast carcass of tradition every year, with as much solemnity as a new revelation. Along with these, it vents books that breathe of new morning, that seem to heave with the life of millions, books for which men and women peak and pine; books which take the rose out of the cheek of him that wrote them, and give him to the midnight a sad, solitary, diseased man; which leave no man where they found him, but make him better or worse; and which work dubiously on society, and seem to inoculate it with a venom before any healthy result appears.

In order to any complete view of the literature of the present age, an inquiry should include what it quotes, what it writes, and what it wishes to write. In our present attempt to enumerate some traits of the recent literature, we shall have somewhat to offer on each of these topics, but we cannot promise to set in very exact order what we have to say.

In the first place, it has all books. It reprints the wisdom of the world. How can the age be a bad one, which gives me Plato and Paul and Plutarch, St. Augustine, Spinoza, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Donne and Sir Thomas Browne, beside its own riches? Our presses

groan every year with new editions of all the select pieces of the first of mankind, — meditations, history, classifications, opinions, epics, lyrics, which the age adopts by quoting them. If we should designate favorite studies in which the age delights more than in the rest of this great mass of the permanent literature of the human race, one or two instances would be conspicuous. First; the prodigious growth and influence of the genius of Shakspeare, in the last one hundred and fifty years, is itself a fact of the first importance. It almost alone has called out the genius of the German nation into an activity, which spreading from the poetic into the scientific, religious, and philosophical domains, has made theirs now at last the paramount intellectual influence of the world, reacting with great energy on England and America. And thus, and not by mechanical diffusion, does an original genius work and spread himself. Society becomes an immense Shakspeare. Not otherwise could the poet be admired, nay, not even seen; — not until his living, conversing, and writing had diffused his spirit into the young and acquiring class, so that he had multiplied himself into a thousand sons, a thousand Shakspeares, and so understands himself.

Secondly; the history of freedom it studies with eagerness in civil, in religious, in philosophic history. It has explored every monument of Anglo-Saxon history and law, and mainly every scrap of printed or written paper remaining from the period of the English Commonwealth. It has, out of England, devoted much thought and pains to the history of philosophy. It has groped in all nations where was any literature for the early poetry, not only the dramatic, but the rudest lyric; for songs and ballads, the Nibelungen Lied, the poems of Hans Sachs and Henry of Alckmaer in Germany, for the Cid in Spain, for the rough-cast verse of the interior nations of Europe, and in Britain for the ballads of Scotland and of Robinhood.

In its own books also, our age celebrates its wants, achievements, and hopes. A wide superficial cultivation, often a mere clearing and whitewashing, indicate the new taste in the hitherto neglected savage, whether of the cities or the fields, to know the arts and share the spiritual efforts of the refined. The time is marked by the multitude of writers. Soldiers, sailors, servants, nobles, princes, women, write

books. The progress of trade and the facilities for locomotion have made the world nomadic again. Of course it is well informed. All facts are exposed. The age is not to be trifled with: it wishes to know who is who, and what is what. Let there be no ghost stories more. Send Humboldt and Bonpland to explore Mexico, Guiana, and the Cordilleras. Let Captain Parry learn if there be a northwest passage to America, and Mr. Lander learn the true course of the Niger. Pückler Muskau will go to Algiers, and Sir Francis Head to the Pampas, to the Brünnens of Nassau, and to Canada. Then let us have charts true and Gazetteers correct. We will know where Babylon stood, and settle the topography of the Roman Forum. We will know whatever is to be known of Australasia, of Japan, of Persia, of Egypt, of Timbuctoo, of Palestine.

Thus Christendom has become a great reading-room; and its books have the convenient merits of the newspaper, its eminent propriety, and its superficial exactness of information. The age is well bred, knows the world, has no nonsense, and herein is well distinguished from the learned ages that preceded ours. That there is no fool like your learned fool, is a proverb plentifully illustrated in the history and writings of the English and European scholars for the half millennium that preceded the beginning of the eighteenth century. The best heads of their time build or occupy such card-house theories of religion, politics, and natural science, as a clever boy would now blow away. What stuff in Kepler, in Cardan, in Lord Bacon. Montaigne, with all his French wit and downright sense, is little better; a sophomore would wind him round his finger. Some of the Medical Remains of Lord Bacon in the book for his own use, "Of the Prolongation of Life," will move a smile in the unpoetical practitioner of the Medical College. They remind us of the drugs and practice of the leeches and enchanters of Eastern romance. Thus we find in his whimsical collection of astringents:

"A stomacher of scarlet cloth; whelps or young healthy boys applied to the stomach; hippocratic wines, so they be made of austere materials.

"8. To remember masticatories for the mouth.

"9. And orange flower water to be smelled or snuffed up.

"10. In the third hour after the sun is risen to take in

air from some high and open place with a ventilation of *rosæ moschatæ* and fresh violets, and to stir the earth with infusion of wine and mint.

"17. To use once during supper time wine in which gold is quenched.

"26. Heroic desires.

"28. To provide always an apt breakfast.

"29. To do nothing against a man's genius."

To the substance of some of these specifics we have no objection. We think we should get no better at the Medical College to-day: and of all stringents we should reckon the best, "heroic desires," and "doing nothing against one's genius." Yet the principle of modern classification is different. In the same place, it is curious to find a good deal of pretty nonsense concerning the virtues of the ashes of a hedgehog, the heart of an ape, the moss that groweth upon the skull of a dead man unburied, and the comfort that proceeds to the system from wearing beads of amber, coral, and hartshorn;—or from rings of sea horse teeth worn for cramp;—to find all these masses of moonshine side by side with the gravest and most valuable observations.

The good Sir Thomas Browne recommends as empirical cures for the gout:

"To wear shoes made of a lion's skin.

"Try transplantation: Give poultices taken from the part to dogs.

"Try the magnified amulet of Muffetus, of spiders' legs worn in a deer's skin, or of tortoises' legs cut off from the living tortoise and wrapped up in the skin of a kid."

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy is an encyclopædia of authors and of opinions, where one who should forage for exploded theories might easily load his panniers. In dæmonology, for example; "The air," he says, "is not so full of flies in summer as it is at all times of invisible devils. They counterfeit suns and moons, and sit on ships' masts. They cause whirlwinds on a sudden and tempestuous storms, which though our meteorologists generally refer to natural causes, yet I am of Bodine's mind, they are more often caused by those aerial devils in their several quarters. Cardan gives much information concerning them. His father had one of them, an aerial devil, bound to him

for eight and twenty years; as Agrippa's dog had a devil tied to his collar. Some think that Paracelsus had one confined in his sword pommel. Others wear them in rings. At Hammel in Saxony, the devil in the likeness of a pied piper carried away 130 children that were never after seen."

All this sky-full of cobwebs is now forever swept clean away. Another race is born. Humboldt and Herschel, Davy and Arago, Malthus and Bentham have arrived. If Robert Burton should be quoted to represent the army of scholars, who have furnished a contribution to his moody pages, Horace Walpole, whose letters circulate in the libraries, might be taken with some fitness to represent the spirit of much recent literature. He has taste, common sense, love of facts, impatience of humbug, love of history, love of splendor, love of justice, and the sentiment of honor among gentlemen; but no life whatever of the higher faculties, no faith, no hope, no aspiration, no question touching the secret of nature.

The favorable side of this research and love of facts is the bold and systematic criticism, which has appeared in every department of literature. From Wolf's attack upon the authenticity of the Homeric Poems, dates a new epoch in learning. Ancient history has been found to be not yet settled. It is to be subjected to common sense. It is to be cross examined. It is to be seen, whether its traditions will consist not with universal belief, but with universal experience. Niebuhr has sifted Roman history by the like methods. Heeren has made good essays towards ascertaining the necessary facts in the Grecian, Persian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Ethiopic, Carthaginian nations. English history has been analyzed by Turner, Hallam, Brodie, Lingard, Palgrave. Goethe has gone the circuit of human knowledge, as Lord Bacon did before him, writing True or False on every article. Bentham has attempted the same scrutiny in reference to Civil Law. Pestalozzi out of a deep love undertook the reform of education. The ambition of Coleridge in England embraced the whole problem of philosophy; to find, that is, a foundation in thought for everything that existed in fact. The German philosophers, Schelling, Kant, Fichte, have applied their analysis to nature and thought with an antique boldness. There can be

no honest inquiry, which is not better than acquiescence. Inquiries, which once looked grave and vital no doubt, change their appearance very fast, and come to look frivolous beside the later queries to which they gave occasion.

This skeptical activity, at first directed on circumstances and historical views deemed of great importance, soon penetrated deeper than Rome or Egypt, than history or institutions, or the vocabulary of metaphysics, namely, into the thinker himself, and into every function he exercises. The poetry and the speculation of the age are marked by a certain philosophic turn, which discriminates them from the works of earlier times. The poet is not content to see how "fair hangs the apple from the rock," "what music a sunbeam awoke in the groves," nor of Hardiknute, how "stately steppes he east the way, and stately steppes he west," but he now revolves, What is the apple to me? and what the birds to me? and what is Hardiknute to me? and what am I? And this is called *subjectiveness*, as the eye is withdrawn from the object and fixed on the subject or mind.

We can easily concede that a steadfast tendency of this sort appears in modern literature. It is the new consciousness of the one mind which predominates in criticism. It is the uprise of the soul and not the decline. It is founded on that insatiable demand for unity — the need to recognise one nature in all the variety of objects, — which always characterizes a genius of the first order. Accustomed alway to behold the presence of the universe in every part, the soul will not condescend to look at any new part as a stranger, but saith, — "I know all already, and what art thou? Show me thy relations to me, to all, and I will entertain thee also."

There is a pernicious ambiguity in the use of the term *subjective*. We say, in accordance with the general view I have stated, that the single soul feels its right to be no longer confounded with numbers, but itself to sit in judgment on history and literature, and to summon all facts and parties before its tribunal. And in this sense the age is subjective.

But, in all ages, and now more, the narrow-minded have no interest in anything but its relation to their personality. What will help them to be delivered from some burden,

eased in some circumstance, flattered, or pardoned, or enriched, what will help to marry or to divorce them, to prolong or to sweeten life, is sure of their interest, and nothing else. Every form under the whole heaven they behold in this most partial light or darkness of intense selfishness, until we hate their being. And this habit of intellectual selfishness has acquired in our day the fine name of subjectiveness.

Nor is the distinction between these two habits to be found in the circumstance of using the first person singular, or reciting facts and feelings of personal history. A man may say *I*, and never refer to himself as an individual; and a man may recite passages of his life with no feeling of egotism. Nor need a man have a vicious subjectiveness because he deals in abstract propositions.

But the criterion, which discriminates these two habits in the poet's mind, is the tendency of his composition; namely, whether it leads us to nature, or to the person of the writer. The great always introduce us to facts; small men introduce us always to themselves. The great man, even whilst he relates a private fact personal to him, is really leading us away from him to an universal experience. His own affection is in nature, in *What is*, and, of course, all his communication leads outward to it, starting from whatsoever point. The great never with their own consent become a load on the minds they instruct. The more they draw us to them, the farther from them or more independent of them we are, because they have brought us to the knowledge of somewhat deeper than both them and us. The great never hinder us; for, as the Jews had a custom of laying their beds north and south, founded on an opinion that the path of God was east and west, and they would not desecrate by the infirmities of sleep the Divine circuits, so the activity of the good is coincident with the axle of the world, with the sun and moon, with the course of the rivers and of the winds, with the stream of laborers in the street, and with all the activity and well being of the race. The great lead us to nature, and, in our age, to metaphysical nature, to the invisible awful facts, to moral abstractions, which are not less nature than is a river or a coal mine; nay, they are far more nature, but its essence and soul.

But the weak and evil, led also to analyze, saw nothing in thought but luxury. Thought for the selfish became selfish. They invited us to contemplate nature, and showed us an abominable self. Would you know the genius of the writer? Do not enumerate his talents or his feats, but ask thyself, What spirit is he of? Do gladness and hope and fortitude flow from his page into thy heart? Has he led thee to nature because his own soul was too happy in beholding her power and love; or is his passion for the wilderness only the sensibility of the sick, the exhibition of a talent, which only shines whilst you praise it; which has no root in the character, and can thus minister to the vanity but not to the happiness of the possessor; and which derives all its eclat from our conventional education, but would not make itself intelligible to the wise man of another age or country? The water we wash with never speaks of itself, nor does fire, or wind, or tree. Neither does the noble natural man: he yields himself to your occasion and use; but his act expresses a reference to universal good.

Another element of the modern poetry akin to this subjective tendency, or rather the direction of that same on the question of resources, is, the Feeling of the Infinite. Of the perception now fast becoming a conscious fact, — that there is One Mind, and that all the powers and privileges which lie in any, lie in all; that I as a man may claim and appropriate whatever of true or fair or good or strong has anywhere been exhibited; that Moses and Confucius, Montaigne and Leibnitz are not so much individuals as they are parts of man and parts of me, and my intelligence proves them my own, — literature is far the best expression. It is true, this is not the only nor the obvious lesson it teaches. A selfish commerce and government have caught the eye and usurped the hand of the masses. It is not to be contested that selfishness and the senses write the laws under which we live, and that the street seems to be built, and the men and women in it moving not in reference to pure and grand ends, but rather to very short and sordid ones. Perhaps no considerable minority, perhaps no one man leads a quite clean and lofty life. What then? We concede in sadness the fact. But we say that these low customary ways are not all that survives

in human beings. There is that in us which mutters, and that which groans, and that which triumphs, and that which aspires. There are facts on which men of the world superciliously smile, which are worth all their trade and politics, the impulses, namely, which drive young men into gardens and solitary places, and cause extravagant gestures, starts, distortions of the countenance, and passionate exclamations; sentiments, which find no aliment or language for themselves on the wharves, in court, or market, but which are soothed by silence, by darkness, by the pale stars, and the presence of nature. All over the modern world the educated and susceptible have betrayed their discontent with the limits of our municipal life, and with the poverty of our dogmas of religion and philosophy. They betray this impatience by fleeing for resource to a conversation with nature — which is courted in a certain moody and exploring spirit, as if they anticipated a more intimate union of man with the world than has been known in recent ages. Those who cannot tell what they desire or expect, still sigh and struggle with indefinite thoughts and vast wishes. The very child in the nursery prattles mysticism, and doubts and philosophizes. A wild striving to express a more inward and infinite sense characterizes the works of every art. The music of Beethoven is said by those who understand it, to labor with vaster conceptions and aspirations than music has attempted before. This Feeling of the Infinite has deeply colored the poetry of the period. This new love of the vast, always native in Germany, was imported into France by De Staël, appeared in England in Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Felicia Hemans, and finds a most genial climate in the American mind. Scott and Crabbe, who formed themselves on the past, had none of this tendency; their poetry is objective. In Byron, on the other hand, it predominates; but in Byron it is blind, it sees not its true end — an infinite good, alive and beautiful, a life nourished on absolute beatitudes, descending into nature to behold itself reflected there. His will is perverted, he worships the accidents of society, and his praise of nature is thieving and selfish.

Nothing certifies the prevalence of this taste in the people more than the circulation of the poems, — one would say, most incongruously united by some bookseller, — of

Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. The only unity is in the subjectiveness and the aspiration common to the three writers. Shelley, though a poetic mind, is never a poet. His muse is uniformly imitative; all his poems composite. A good English scholar he is, with ear, taste, and memory, much more, he is a character full of noble and prophetic traits; but imagination, the original, authentic fire of the bard, he has not. He is clearly modern, and shares with Richter, Chateaubriand, Manzoni, and Wordsworth, the feeling of the infinite, which so labors for expression in their different genius. But all his lines are arbitrary, not necessary. When we read poetry, the mind asks, — Was this verse one of twenty which the author might have written as well; or is this what that man was created to say? But, whilst every line of the true poet will be genuine, he is in a boundless power and freedom to say a million things. And the reason why he can say one thing well, is because his vision extends to the sight of all things, and so he describes each as one who knows many and all.

The fame of Wordsworth is a leading fact in modern literature, when it is considered how hostile his genius at first seemed to the reigning taste, and with what feeble poetic talents his great and steadily growing dominion has been established. More than any poet his success has been not his own, but that of the idea which he shared with his coevals, and which he has rarely succeeded in adequately expressing. The Excursion awakened in every lover of nature the right feeling. We saw stars shine, we felt the awe of mountains, we heard the rustle of the wind in the grass, and knew again the ineffable secret of solitude. It was a great joy. It was nearer to nature than anything we had before. But the interest of the poem ended almost with the narrative of the influences of nature on the mind of the Boy, in the first book. Obviously for that passage the poem was written, and with the exception of this and of a few strains of the like character in the sequel, the whole poem was dull. Here was no poem, but here was poetry, and a sure index where the subtle muse was about to pitch her tent and find the argument of her song. It was the human soul in these last ages striving for a just publication of itself. Add to this, however, the great praise of Wordsworth, that more than any other contemporary

bard he is pervaded with a reverence of somewhat higher than (conscious) thought. There is in him that property common to all great poets, a wisdom of humanity, which is superior to any talents which they exert. It is the wisest part of Shakspeare and of Milton. For they are poets by the free course which they allow to the informing soul, which through their eyes beholdeth again and blesseth the things which it hath made. The soul is superior to its knowledge, wiser than any of its works.

With the name of Wordsworth rises to our recollection the name of his contemporary and friend, Walter Savage Landor — a man working in a very different and peculiar spirit, yet one whose genius and accomplishments deserve a wiser criticism than we have yet seen applied to them, and the rather that his name does not readily associate itself with any school of writers. Of Thomas Carlyle, also, we shall say nothing at this time, since the quality and the energy of his influence on the youth of this country will require at our hands ere long a distinct and faithful acknowledgment.

But of all men he, who has united in himself and that in the most extraordinary degree the tendencies of the era, is the German poet, naturalist, and philosopher, Goethe. Whatever the age inherited or invented, he made his own. He has owed to Commerce and to the victories of the Understanding, all their spoils. Such was his capacity, that the magazines of the world's ancient or modern wealth, which arts and intercourse and skepticism could command — he wanted them all. Had there been twice so much, he could have used it as well. Geologist, mechanic, merchant, chemist, king, radical, painter, composer, — all worked for him, and a thousand men seemed to look through his eyes. He learned as readily as other men breathe. Of all the men of this time, not one has seemed so much at home in it as he. He was not afraid to live. And in him this encyclopædia of facts, which it has been the boast of the age to compile, wrought an equal effect. He was knowing; he was brave; he was clean from all narrowness; he has a perfect propriety and taste, — a quality by no means common to the German writers. Nay, since the earth, as we said, had become a reading-room, the new opportunities seem to have aided him to be that

resolute realist he is, and seconded his sturdy determination to see things for what they are. To look at him, one would say, there was never an observer before. What sagacity, what industry of observation! to read his record is a frugality of time, for you shall find no word that does not stand for a thing, and he is of that comprehension, which can see the value of truth. His love of nature has seemed to give a new meaning to that word. There was never man more domesticated in this world than he. And he is an apology for the analytic spirit of the period, because, of his analysis, always wholes were the result. All conventions, all traditions he rejected. And yet he felt his entire right and duty to stand before and try and judge every fact in nature. He thought it necessary to dot round with his own pen the entire sphere of knowables; and for many of his stories, this seems the only reason: Here is a piece of humanity I had hitherto omitted to sketch; — take this. He does not say so in syllables, — yet a sort of conscientious feeling he had to be *up* to the universe, is the best account and apology for many of them. He shared also the subjectiveness of the age, and that too in both the senses I have discriminated. With the sharpest eye for form, color, botany, engraving, medals, persons, and manners, he never stopped at surface, but pierced the purpose of a thing, and studied to reconcile that purpose with his own being. What he could so reconcile was good; what he could not, was false. Hence a certain greatness encircles every fact he treats; for to him it has a soul, an eternal reason why it was so, and not otherwise. This is the secret of that deep realism, which went about among all objects he beheld, to find the cause why they must be what they are. It was with him a favorite task to find a theory of every institution, custom, art, work of art, which he observes. Witness his explanation of the Italian mode of reckoning the hours of the day, as growing out of the Italian climate; of the obelisk of Egypt, as growing out of a common natural fracture in the granite parallelopiped in Upper Egypt; of the Doric architecture, and the Gothic; of the Venetian music of the gondolier originating in the habit of the fishers' wives of the Lido singing to their husbands on the sea; of the Amphitheatre, which is the enclosure of the natural cup of heads that arranges

itself round every spectacle in the street; of the coloring of Titian and Paul Veronese, which one may verify in the common daylight in Venice every afternoon; of the Carnival at Rome; of the domestic rural architecture in Italy; and many the like examples.

But also that other vicious subjectiveness, that vice of the time, infected him also. We are provoked with his Olympian self-complacency, the patronizing air with which he vouchsafes to tolerate the genius and performances of other mortals, "the good Hiller," "our excellent Kant," "the friendly Wieland," &c. &c. There is a good letter from Wieland to Merck, in which Wieland relates that Goethe read to a select party his journal of a tour in Switzerland with the Grand Duke, and their passage through Valois and over the St. Gothard. "It was," says Wieland, "as good as Xenophon's Anabasis. The piece is one of his most masterly productions, and is thought and written with the greatness peculiar to him. The fair hearers were enthusiastic at the nature in this piece; I liked the sly art in the composition, whereof they saw nothing, still better. It is a true poem, so concealed is the art too. But what most remarkably in this as in all his other works distinguishes him from Homer and Shakspeare, is, that the Me, the *Ille ego*, everywhere glimmers through, although without any boasting and with an infinite fineness." This subtle element of egotism in Goethe certainly does not seem to deform his compositions, but to lower the moral influence of the man. He differs from all the great in the total want of frankness. Whoso saw Milton, whoso saw Shakspeare, saw them do their best, and utter their whole heart manlike among their brethren. No man was permitted to call Goethe brother. He hid himself, and worked always to astonish, which is an egotism, and therefore little.

If we try Goethe by the ordinary canons of criticism, we should say that his thinking is of great altitude, and all level;—not a succession of summits, but a high Asiatic table land. Dramatic power, the rarest talent in literature, he has very little. He has an eye constant to the fact of life, and that never pauses in its advance. But the great felicities, the miracles of poetry, he has never. It is all design with him, just thought and instructed expression, analogies, allusion, illustration, which knowledge and cor-

rect thinking supply; but of Shakspeare and the transcendant muse, no syllable. Yet in the court and law to which we ordinarily speak, and without adverting to absolute standards, we claim for him the praise of truth, of fidelity to his intellectual nature. He is the king of all scholars. In these days and in this country, where the scholars are few and idle, where men read easy books and sleep after dinner, it seems as if no book could so safely be put in the hands of young men as the letters of Goethe, which attest the incessant activity of this man to eighty years, in an endless variety of studies with uniform cheerfulness and greatness of mind. They cannot be read without shaming us into an emulating industry. Let him have the praise of the love of truth. We think, when we contemplate the stupendous glory of the world, that it were life enough for one man merely to lift his hands and cry with St. Augustine, "Wrangle who pleases, I will wonder." Well, this he did. Here was a man, who, in the feeling that the thing itself was so admirable as to leave all comment behind, went up and down from object to object, lifting the veil from every one, and did no more. What he said of Lavater, may truelier be said of him, that "it was fearful to stand in the presence of one, before whom all the boundaries within which nature has circumscribed our being were laid flat." His are the bright and terrible eyes, which meet the modern student in every sacred chapel of thought, in every public enclosure.

But now, that we may not seem to dodge the question which all men ask, nor pay a great man so ill a compliment as to praise him only in the conventional and comparative speech, let us honestly record our thought upon the total worth and influence of this genius. Does he represent not only the achievement of that age in which he lived, but that which it would be and is now becoming? And what shall we think of that absence of the moral sentiment, that singular equivalence to him of good and evil in action, which discredits his compositions to the pure? The spirit of his biography, of his poems, of his tales, is identical, and we may here set down by way of comment on his genius the impressions recently awakened in us by the story of Wilhelm Meister.

All great men have written proudly, nor cared to explain.

They knew that the intelligent reader would come at last, and would thank them. So did Dante, so did Machiavel. Goethe has done this in Meister. We can fancy him saying to himself; — There are poets enough of the Ideal; let me paint the Actual, as, after years of dreams, it will still appear and reappear to wise men. That all shall right itself in the long Morrow, I may well allow, and my novel may easily wait for the same regeneration. The age, that can damn it as false and falsifying, will see that it is deeply one with the genius and history of all the centuries. I have given my characters a bias to error. Men have the same. I have let mischances befall instead of good fortune. They do so daily. And out of many vices and misfortunes, I have let a great success grow, as I had known in my own and many other examples. Fierce churchmen and effeminate aspirants will chide and hate my name, but every keen beholder of life will justify my truth, and will acquit me of prejudging the cause of humanity by painting it with this morose fidelity. To a profound soul is not austere truth the sweetest flattery?

Yes, O Goethe! but the ideal is truer than the actual. That is ephemeral, but this changes not. Moreover, because nature is moral, that mind only can see, in which the same order entirely obtains. An interchangeable Truth, Beauty, and Goodness, each wholly interfused in the other, must make the humors of that eye, which would see causes reaching to their last effect and reproducing the world forever. The least inequality of mixture, the excess of one element over the other, in that degree diminishes the transparency of things, makes the world opaque to the observer, and destroys so far the value of his experience. No particular gifts can countervail this defect. In reading Meister, I am charmed with the insight; to use a phrase of Ben Jonson's, "it is rammed with life." I find there actual men and women even too faithfully painted. I am, moreover, instructed in the possibility of a highly accomplished society, and taught to look for great talent and culture under a grey coat. But this is all. The limits of artificial society are never quite out of sight. The vicious conventions, which hem us in like prison walls, and which the poet should explode at his touch, stand for all they are worth in the newspaper. I am never lifted above myself.

I am not transported out of the dominion of the senses, or cheered with an infinite tenderness, or armed with a grand trust.

Goethe, then, must be set down as the poet of the Actual, not of the Ideal; the poet of limitation, not of possibility; of this world, and not of religion and hope; in short, if I may say so, the poet of prose, and not of poetry. He accepts the base doctrine of Fate, and gleans what straggling joys may yet remain out of its ban. He is like a banker or a weaver with a passion for the country, he steals out of the hot streets before sunrise, or after sunset, or on a rare holiday, to get a draught of sweet air, and a gaze at the magnificence of summer, but dares not break from his slavery and lead a man's life in a man's relation to nature. In that which should be his own place, he feels like a truant, and is scourged back presently to his task and his cell. Poetry is with Goethe thus external, the gilding of the chain, the mitigation of his fate; but the Muse never assays those thunder-tones, which cause to vibrate the sun and the moon, which dissipate by dreadful melody all this iron network of circumstance, and abolish the old heavens and the old earth before the free-will or Godhead of man. That Goethe had not a moral perception proportionate to his other powers, is not then merely a circumstance, as we might relate of a man that he had or had not the sense of tune or an eye for colors; but it is the cardinal fact of health or disease; since, lacking this, he failed in the high sense to be a creator, and with divine endowments drops by irreversible decree into the common history of genius. He was content to fall into the track of vulgar poets, and spend on common aims his splendid endowments, and has declined the office proffered to now and then a man in many centuries in the power of his genius — of a Redeemer of the human mind. He has written better than other poets, only as his talent was subtler, but the ambition of creation he refused. Life for him is prettier, easier, wiser, decenter, has a gem or two more on its robe, but its old eternal burden is not relieved; no drop of healthier blood flows yet in its veins. Let him pass. Humanity must wait for its physician still at the side of the road, and confess as this man goes out, that they have served it better, who assured it out of the

innocent hope in their hearts that a Physician will come, than this majestic Artist, with all the treasuries of wit, of science, and of power at his command.

The criticism, which is not so much spoken as felt in reference to Goethe, instructs us directly in the hope of literature. We feel that a man gifted like him should not leave the world as he found it. It is true, though somewhat sad, that every fine genius teaches us how to blame himself. Being so much, we cannot forgive him for not being more. When one of these grand monads is incarnated, whom nature seems to design for eternal men and draw to her bosom, we think that the old wearinesses of Europe and Asia, the trivial forms of daily life will now end, and a new morning break on us all. What is Austria? What is England? What is our graduated and petrified social scale of ranks and employments? Shall not a poet redeem us from these idolatries, and pale their legendary lustre before the fires of the Divine Wisdom which burn in his heart? All that in our sovereign moments each of us has divined of the powers of thought, all the hints of omnipresence and energy which we have caught, this man should unfold and constitute facts.

And this is the insatiable craving which alternately saddens and gladdens men at this day. The Doctrine of the Life of Man established after the truth through all his faculties; — this is the thought which the literature of this hour meditates and labors to say. This is that which tunes the tongue and fires the eye and sits in the silence of the youth. Verily it will not long want articulate and melodious expression. There is nothing in the heart but comes presently to the lips. The very depth of the sentiment, which is the author of all the cutaneous life we see, is guarantee for the riches of science and of song in the age to come. He, who doubts whether this age or this country can yield any contribution to the literature of the world, only betrays his own blindness to the necessities of the human soul. Has the power of poetry ceased, or the need? Have the eyes ceased to see that which they would have, and which they have not? Have they ceased to see other eyes? Are there no lonely, anxious, wondering children, who must tell their tale? Are we not evermore whipped by thoughts;

"In sorrow steeped and steeped in love
Of thoughts not yet incarnated?"

The heart beats in this age as of old, and the passions are busy as ever. Nature has not lost one ringlet of her beauty, one impulse of resistance and valor. From the necessity of loving none are exempt, and he that loves must utter his desires. A charm as radiant as beauty ever beamed, a love that fainteth at the sight of its object, is new to-day.

"The world does not run smoother than of old,
There are sad haps that must be told."

Man is not so far lost but that he suffers ever the great Discontent, which is the elegy of his loss and the prediction of his recovery. In the gay saloon he laments that these figures are not what Raphael and Guercino painted. Withered though he stand, and trifler though he be, the august spirit of the world looks out from his eyes. In his heart he knows the ache of spiritual pain, and his thought can animate the sea and land. What then shall hinder the Genius of the time from speaking its thought? It cannot be silent, if it would. It will write in a higher spirit, and a wider knowledge, and with a grander practical aim, than ever yet guided the pen of poet. It will write the annals of a changed world, and record the descent of principles into practice, of love into Government, of love into Trade. It will describe the new heroic life of man, the now unbelieved possibility of simple living and of clean and noble relations with men. Religion will bind again these that were sometime frivolous, customary, enemies, skeptics, self-seekers, into a joyful reverence for the circumambient Whole, and that which was ecstasy shall become daily bread.

Emerson

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## SILENCE.

They put their finger on their lip,—
The Powers above;
The seas their islands clip,
The moons in Ocean dip,—
They love but name not love.

## FIRST CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

"What — are you stepping Westward? Yea." — WORDSWORTH.

Upward along the vast mountain, crushing the withering oak-leaves
Often beneath his foot, strolling the traveller goes;
Toiling slowly behind him follows the stage, heavy-laden,
Sometimes lost in the trees, frequently seen far below.
On the summit he lingers, gathers the grape's purple clusters,
Picks the chestnut, new dropped, out of its thorn-guarded nest;
Wherefore now gazes he, musing, steadfastly down the long valley?
Wherefore wander his eyes toward the horizon afar?
Say! is he waiting, impatient, to see when, straining and smoking,
The heads of the horses may come winding up the white road?
Or watching the rainbow glories which deck the opposite mountain,
Where Autumn, of myriad dyes, gives each tree a hue of its own?
Perchance he looks at the river which winds far below, vexed and foaming,
Childishly fretting round rocks which it cannot remove.
Ah! that river runs *Westward*, for from this summit the waters
Part like brothers who roam far from the family home,
Some to the mighty Atlantic, some to the far Mississippi.
On this dividing ridge turning he looks toward the land
Where is the home of his fathers, where are the graves of those dear ones
Whom Death has already snatched out of his circle of Love.
And oh! — forgive ye Penates! forgive him that loved household circle,
If with his mother's form, if with his sister, he sees
Another and dearer shape, gliding softly between them,
Gliding gracefully up, fixing his heart and his eye.

Ah! how lovely the picture, how forever attractive the image
Which floats up from the past, like to a beautiful dream:
Yet not a dream was it, but one of the picturesque moments,
Sent to adorn our life, cheering its gloomiest years.
Real was the heavy disease which fastened his head to his pillow,
Real the burning heat in every feverish limb,
Real the pains which tormented every delicate fibre,
Rousing his drowsy soul to a half conscious life,
And so, waking, one night, out of a long stupefaction,
Vague and feverish thoughts haunted as spectres his brain.
All around was familiar, it was his own little chamber,
But all seemed to him strange, nothing would come to him right.
Ghostly shadows were stretching their arms on the wall and the cieling,
Round and round within circled a whirlpool of thoughts,
Round and round they went, his will had no power to restrain them,
Round and ever around some insignificant thing!
It was as if on his brain a fiend with a hammer was beating,
And each blow as it fell was to be counted by him;
Moments spun out to years, so long the torture continued,
Wearied out at last, he moved and uttered a groan.
Then was the gloom dispersed. For from the shadows a figure
Arose, and lightly stepped to the side of the bed,

Bent down gently and kissed his brow, while her beautiful ringlets
Lay on his burning cheek — cooling and soft was the touch.
"Dearest," she softly said — and every fiend which distressed him
Darted off at the word as if from Ithuriel's spear,
Tenderly from her eye, moist with gentle affection,
Into his very soul entered her sisterly look.
She was his cousin and friend, playmates they were from their childhood,
Therefore hers was the right in his sick chamber to watch,
Cousin, sister, and friend — many the titles he gave her,
Now in each beating heart closer the union was knit,
Softly pressing her hand to his lips, he sank into slumber.
Great, O Love, is thy skill, quite a physician art thou;
Instead of the gold-headed cane, instead of the wig and the snuff-box,
Give me the Archer-boy, him for a Doctor I'll take.
Such was the picture which came before the mind of the stripling,
This the image which rose, constantly floating around.
Such a beautiful moment haunts the soul with its spectre,
Who can tell it to sleep shut in the tomb of the past?
But see, the carriage is near! Flee, ye sweet recollections!
Now must we seem a man, easy and strong as the rest,
Ready in word and act — this alone will protect us;
Just as this thorny bur guards the young fruit from its foes.

Thus then he mounts the carriage, sitting aloft with the driver,
Wider the eye can range, freer the heart can beat here.
Now we have climbed to the summit, now there open before us,
Stretching far to the West, valleys and rivers and woods,
Downward by gentle degrees, along the side of the mountain
Winds our Simplon road, close to precipitous gulphs;
Shooting up from below, spread the tops of the pine trees,
Here a single misstep rolls us a thousand feet down,
But, courage! trust to the driver, trust to the sure-footed horses,
Trust to that mighty Power who holds us all in his hand.
Merrily tramples the team, of the well-filled manger desirous,
Where below, like a map, lie many houses and farms,
Over them all we look, over cornfields and meadows,
Over the winding streams, shrouded with mantles of mist,
Over an ocean of forest, up to the distant horizon,
Many a mile beyond, stretches our lengthening road.

Nature, vast as thou art, we can unshrinkingly face thee!
Look on thy giant forms with an unfaltering eye;
He who carries within him a spirit conscious and active,
Treasures of well-arranged thought, gathered from action and life,
Has striven, believed, and loved — who knows all the worth of the moment
When soul stimulates soul, pulses together beat.
He has a world within to match thine, beautiful mother!
He can give to thee more than he can take from thy hand.
Wanderer, tremble not before this grand Panorama,
Let not this mighty scene weary thine heart or thine eye.
Bring the Romance of Life to balance the Romance of Nature,
The spirit has hopes as vast, the heart has its pictures as fair.

F. C.

## A SIGN FROM THE WEST.*

The pamphlet here noticed is by Andrew Wylie, President of Bloomington College, Indiana. When we remember that its author is, and has for years been an eminent Calvinistic divine, we cannot but regard this word of his as one of the most noteworthy and encouraging signs of the times. We hail with joy this free utterance from the West. We do not know indeed, if even from this comparatively enlightened and liberal section of the country, and from the bosom of the most progressive body of Christian believers, any freer and bolder word has been spoken than this. It cannot fail, we think, to spread panic through the ranks of the custom-fettered sectarians. It cannot fail to be welcomed by every unshackled seeker for Truth.

Without attempting a complete review of the work before us, we would sketch roughly its main features, give a few extracts, and perhaps add some reflections of our own.

It appears from the Author's preface, that he has been for a long time in a progressive state. "The thoughts," he says, "contained in the following pages were gradually suggested to the mind of the writer, during the last twenty-five years." Of course then, he has been more or less suspected of heresy. But the heresy, he maintains, is on the part of his brother Calvinists, and not to be charged upon him. For heresy, he says, is departure from faith in Christ as the chief corner stone, and building with the gold, silver, wood, hay, or stubble of human speculations. He will by no means take the Confession of Faith as an infallible rule of belief, for this very Confession says itself, that the Bible only is such a Rule. He will not suffer himself to be chained down to a sect; he will be his own master, and reverence his own soul. "The claims of Truth," he says, "are sacred and awful. A mind fettered by authority is unfaithful to the God of Truth, who made it free."

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* Sectarianism is Heresy, in Three Parts, in which are shown its Nature, Evils, and Remedy. By A. Wylie. Bloomington, Ia. 1840. pp. 132.

The work is in the form of Trialogue, and consists of eight Conversations between the author and two sectarian friends, a Calvinist and a Methodist. The significant names of these interlocutors are Timothy, Gardezfoi, and Democop. The conversation moves onward very pleasantly and naturally, and without diffuseness. The discourses of Timothy, who is the Socrates in the debate, are enriched with fine thoughts, tending towards if not reaching the plane of the highest spiritual, — with sound and elevated criticism on those lofty words which are "spirit and life" — with specimens of acute reasoning — with the genial outbreathings of a warm, liberal heart.

The position which Dr. Wylie takes with regard to the great question which this age is to agitate, namely, what constitutes Christianity, will be considered an elevated one; for a Calvinist, a new, or very strange and unusual one. If not the highest view which the full truth warrants, it approximates to it, and relatively to the popular belief of the church, is a mighty stride onwards. Though he clings to the authority of the written word as infallible, he contends against modern creeds. Though he accepts even the doctrines of the Calvinistic church, he protests against working them into a *system*. To him they stand as truths for the Reason, not for the Understanding. The Infinite cannot be contained in creeds and systems. Most earnestly does he urge this truth; and even if we think him to err in the application, yet he has strong hold of the truth itself. He has a perception of the difference between Comprehension and Apprehension. He believes in such a thing as Intuition. He will not measure the firmament of stars above him as he does the field of flowers at his feet. He is strong too, as well as clear-sighted. Thus he will not grind logic always in the prisonhouse of the Philistines, but has power to pull down on them the pillars in which they most trusted.

And down the pillars must come, if many such Samsons are suffered to go loose among us. We can well imagine that the Doctor would now be looked at by most of his Calvinistic brethren, as one of those bright-eyed, venomous serpents, who are now-a-days said to be crawling about, blasting their wholesome brothers, sibilant and insinuating, their crests bristling with the pride of "new

views," — one who, if he lived here, would go about branded with the nickname "Transcendentalist," a terror to women and children — the more so as having crept out of an unlooked-for quarter.

Dr. Wylie takes his stand apart from creeds and confessions of faith, and solely upon what Reason teaches as the fundamental truths of Scripture. All sects and sectarianisms are heresy. The original meaning of the word *hairesis* is *sect*. Heresy consists in confounding faith with opinion. To make opinion the test of faith is departure from Christ. Faith is trust in God. It is a moral, not an intellectual element. We extract a portion of what Timothy says on this point.

"A mind conscious of guilt cannot trust in God, without a just sense of his goodness and mercy. Hence, when we closely examine the matter, we find that the element of faith is a moral element — not any notion in the intellect. For as faith is trust in God, who is only and supremely good, it is the same with trust in goodness. But it is goodness that trusts in goodness: and I know, on the contrary, of no surer criterion of a character radically and essentially vicious, than suspicion and distrust. Once or twice, through life, I have seen persons take up and prosecute enmity against another on mere suspicion, for which there was not only no ground at all, but which was cherished in opposition to demonstrations, on the part of the person suspected, of the utmost kindness, forbearance, and good will towards the suspicious person. The enmity entertained against Joseph, whose character was remarkable for simple honesty and affectionate confidence, proceeded manifestly on the part of his brothers from their want of these qualities; in other words, they were destitute of faith in moral goodness. But the greatest and most striking demonstration that the world ever saw of both parts of this truth, I mean the direct and the converse of it, we have in the character and the conduct of the Son of God, and his treatment by the leaders of religion among the Jews, and the great body of the nation. On the part of the Saviour, what unshaken faith in the Father, whose will he came on earth to execute, and, as the fruit of this faith, or confidence, what steady and active perseverance in that course of unexampled and perfect goodness which he accomplished! And, on the part of the Jews, what obstinate distrust in the god-like character, presented in all its commanding dignity and attractive loveliness before their eyes! And why this distrust? this infidelity? Because they themselves were *destitute* of goodness. They were supremely selfish, themselves; and they could form no conception of that disinterested love of Christ, which induced him to bear the contradiction of these sinners against himself, and even to lay down his life for their sakes." — pp. 18, 19.

In the first two conversations it is established that it is heresy to confound opinion with faith. Timothy then goes on "to develope another element of heresy, sect; that,

namely, which violates or sets aside the unity of the spirit for a unity of science." After speaking of the love of theological and metaphysical system, which was early prevalent in the church, and spread over Christianity, and of the barren results thereof, as seen in the Catholic church, the author proceeds;

"Thus the matter stood at the commencement of the Reformation. The Protestants, so called because they solemnly protested against the usurped authority of the so called Universal Church, exercised by the clergy with the pope at their head, in determining the creed, that is to say, deciding by a simple decree what was truth and what error, rejected the established system or creed: — but they did not perceive the folly of creed-making. They too must have a system. They too viewed religion as a science, and the Bible as containing the scattered truths of that science; which, therefore, it was their duty, like honest philosophers, to pick out, gather together, and arrange into a system. And to the work they went, with all the talents and learning and industry they possessed. And that was not a little. But, considering the work they were at, it was certainly not enough. For what was it they were about? Making a system. Of what? Of the conceptions of the Eternal mind. Respecting what? The Infinite, the boundless, the unknown! Their projected system was to be a tower, whose top should pierce the skies, and overlook the universe and eternity. They failed, of course, as did their prototypes on the plains of Shinar; for the enterprise was too great for mortals; their language was confounded; they divided into companies: and each company built a system: so that the whole face of Christendom has become dotted over with the structures of these puny builders — ant-hills, rather than towers; the abodes of angry insects, ever ready to bite and sting each other, except when they make a truce, for the purpose of annoying a common enemy. A set of opinions are extracted from the Bible, and put into the form of a system, and this system is held more sacred than the Bible itself; insomuch that many make a religion of their orthodoxy, which consists in a steady, not to say obstinate adherence to these opinions. They are viewed as a sacred and precious deposit to be kept, explained, guarded, and defended with the most vigilant jealousy and the most ardent zeal. They are called God's truth. His honor is supposed to be concerned in their preservation. And men feel as if to surrender one of them would be to put their salvation itself in jeopardy." — pp. 41, 42.

On the next page he says,

"The truths of divine revelation, supposing those of *his* system to be identical with the truths of divine revelation, were never proposed by their author as matters of science, truths to serve as subjects on which to exercise the powers of contemplation and ratiocination, but as great moral principles to move and purify the heart, and to govern the life: as presenting motives to the will, sentiments and views to the spirit, light to the conscience, models of moral beauty to exalt and exercise the spiritual desires and affections. Their use is, as intimated before, to produce not orthodoxy, or a set of sound opinions, but orthopraxy, or a course of right conduct." — p. 43.

This great truth, the impossibility of making a science, a system, of Theology, is well developed and illustrated in the third and fourth Conversations. The doctrine, that spiritual things are only spiritually discerned, is advocated in opposition to that which intimates that a man's speculative creed is his religion.

We feel compelled to give our readers a rather long passage at the end of the fourth Conversation, in which the author exhibits his views with regard to spiritual intuition and the evidence of miracles.

"About the year 1820, the celebrated Dr. Chalmers published a work on the Evidences of Christianity, in which he rejected the internal evidences entirely. His reason for so doing is remarkable. I shall state it in his own words: — 'We have,' says he, 'experience of man; but we have no experience of God. We can reason upon the prudence of man in given circumstances, because this is an accessible subject, and comes under the cognizance of observation. But we cannot reason on the prudence of the Almighty in given circumstances. This is an inaccessible subject, and comes not within the limits of direct and personal observation.' Again, he says, 'there can be nothing so completely above us and beyond us, as the plans of the Infinite Mind, which extend to all time and embrace all worlds. There is no subject to which the cautious and humble spirit of Lord Bacon's philosophy is more applicable, nor can we conceive a more glaring rebellion against the authority of its maxims, than for beings of a day to sit in judgment upon the Eternal, and apply their paltry experience to the councils of his high and unfathomable wisdom.'

"There is, doubtless, some truth in these remarks; but taken together as advanced by their author for the purpose of invalidating the argument drawn from the 'internal evidences,' by showing that it is not a legitimate argument, because pertaining to a subject inaccessible and beyond our reach, they have filled me with no little surprise, and especially as coming from a Christian divine of such distinguished abilities. How could it have escaped the penetration of such a mind as his, that the objection he raises against the legitimacy of the argument from the internal evidence must recoil, with all its force, upon the argument from the external evidences of miracle and prophecy, on which he is anxious to rest the whole weight of the question? Were the Deity to me an inaccessible subject, — had I no knowledge of him previous to the revelation proposed to me in the sacred scriptures, of what use, I ask, would a miracle be to me? Suppose I saw, for instance, Lazarus raised from the dead, how would this convince me that the effect produced was produced by the power of God, if I knew nothing previously about the power of God? Were I entirely ignorant of the power of God, I could not without presumption think or say anything whatever respecting it, what it could, or could not effect. The raising of a dead man to life might be beyond his power, for anything I could tell. And, if interrogated on the subject, I ought to reply, 'God is an inaccessible subject; I have no experience of him; I dare not sit in judgment in a case where I know nothing. It would be an act of

rebellion against the humble and cautious spirit of Bacon's philosophy.'

Besides, suppose I were somehow convinced that the resurrection of Lazarus was indeed effected by the power of God, still that would afford me no good reason why I should rely on any statement made me by his commissioned messenger, were I not previously acquainted with other attributes of his nature, or were his character, as to other traits of it, an inaccessible subject. God, I might say, has, by his power, restored this dead man to life before my eyes. For what? To gain my confidence in the truth of certain statements, that are made, or to be made, in his name. But, power and truth have no necessary connexion. God may be a deceiver. I have no experience of his character; nor can I have. It is an inaccessible subject. He may be a selfish and malignant being; and this very miracle may have been wrought to win and mislead my confidence. The truth is, the very appeal made by miracles themselves, on which Dr. Chalmers is willing to rest the whole weight of the argument in favor of Christianity, is a useless and idle appeal, if made to a man in any age of the world and in any circumstances, were man such a being as the Dr.'s argument supposes. But he is not. There is in his nature, wrapped up in the depths of his spirit, a revelation of God, prior, of course, to all external revelation, and but for this an external revelation were as useless as it would be impossible, and at the same time, as impossible as it would be to the beasts that perish. Where did we get our moral perceptions and their corresponding sentiments — our sense of the True, the Right, the Just, the Beautiful, the Fair — the To Kalon, as the Greeks called it? Not from the Bible surely, any more than we got our eyes from the Bible. We use the latter in perusing its sacred pages, but we are not indebted to these pages for our eyes, neither are we for the seeing spirit — the living faith in Moral Goodness, — which the Spirit of the Eternal breathed into us, in lighting up within us the principle of an immortal life, in virtue of which we can see God and commune with Him — trace the impressions left by his plastic hand on the face of external nature — and hear the sweet tones of his voice, as they sound through all her lovely palaces — and echo in the recesses of the temple in our own bosoms. No! God is not an inaccessible subject. He is nearer us than any other subject. Our spirit touches His! What am I saying? His spirit pervades ours! In him we live, and move, and have our being. We are his offspring. And how could it be thought, by a Christian divine and philosopher, that HE had made himself inaccessible to his children — hidden himself from the view of all of them, except a favored few to whom a special revelation was to be made! The Apostle Paul thought differently, for he says that 'His eternal power and Godhead are clearly seen' in the visible creation. St. John thought differently, for he writes, 'In him was light, and the light was the life of men — the light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.' The Royal Psalmist thought differently, for he says; 'The heavens declare the glory of the Lord; the firmament showeth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night teacheth knowledge. There is no speech, no language — their voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out into all the earth; their instruction to the end of the world.'

"No; God is not an inaccessible subject. If he were, no miracle,

no prophecy, no words nor art of man, could bring him within the reach of our thoughts. We should want an interpreter within, to teach us the import of whatever impression from without might be made upon our senses. Were man made destitute of spirit, how could he scale, by the help of any outward revelation, the lofy heights by which the moral is raised above the physical? Pleasure he might understand through the soul, as affected by impressions made on the bodily senses and appetites; but without spirit, a moral nature, how could he form a conception of moral goodness and beauty? And without a conception of this, how could he, by miracle or any other means, be made to apprehend God? Power he might discover, but power is not God. The skill of contrivance he might discover in the structure of nature; but an Almighty architect of boundless skill is not God. God is a spirit; God is love; God is Wisdom and Goodness accomplishing their ends. These things he could not understand, from anything without. He must draw them up from the depths of his own spirit, where God reveals himself first to man, and where every man finds in himself those moral ideas which he puts together, and out of these frames the Grand Idea of which God is the Archetype. There is a faith which cometh by hearing: but before this, in order and importance, there is a faith which the word of revelation presupposes, and which, therefore, this word does not produce. According to the representation of the matter, in the parable of the sower, there is required a goodness in the soil, which the seed that is sown upon it has no agency in producing. This is the faith in question. It is what may be called faith in moral goodness. To this the Apostle refers when he says that the word of the gospel was revealed from faith to faith, meaning from the faith, that is, faithfulness of God, its author, to the faith, or trust in Him, existing in those who were to receive it.

"When the government of ancient Greece sent abroad a public servant, with whom a correspondence was to be carried on, the matter of which required secrecy, they adopted the following expedient. Two staves were formed exactly of the same dimensions, one of which the officer took with him, the other remained at home with the government. And should occasion require a communication to be sent, they took a narrow slip of parchment, and rolled it round the staff, beginning at one end and proceeding to the other, till the whole was completely covered. On this they wrote their communication. It was then taken off, and sent to the officer. Should it, by any mischance, fall into the hands of an enemy, he could make nothing of it. If it arrived safe, the officer receiving it, enwrapped *his* staff with it, and thus it became legible. Such a letter they called skytale.

"The Father of our spirits, when he sent them from heaven into these bodies, gave to each one of them such a skytale, conscience, a moral nature, corresponding to the moral nature of God himself. This is a divine light in the spirit, the oracle which Penn, and Socrates, and indeed all good men of every age and country venerated, and consulted with so much care. In the proper use of this, we are able to hold correspondence with our Father in heaven, read his mind and will in the skytale, he has sent us. Those among the Jews, who possessed this in the days when God, by his Own Son and his forerunner, sent his message among them, received it at their hands, read it,

obeyed, and were saved; and thus, in the language of Christ, Wisdom was justified of all her children. Those who possessed it not, — for it may through carelessness be lost, — 'rejected the counsel of God against themselves' — or, as the passage should be rendered, 'frustrated the counsel of God, as it respected themselves,' by rejecting the message, and maltreating those that bore it — and so perished.'

"Now, that, in order to set aside the internal evidences of Christianity, that is, the evidences arising from its spirit — the moral nature in it which addresses itself to our moral nature — Dr. Chalmers should have overlooked the fact, that we *have* a moral nature, owing to which God *is* to us an *accessible* subject, is truly surprising, and to be accounted for no otherwise, than from the spirit-quenching influence which the practice of system-making had on his mind. And if it had such an influence on *his* mind, what may we suppose to have been, and still to be the state of the general mind? We view Christianity as a science; we work it up into a system; the system we erect into a creed; the creed becomes the standard of faith — the orthodox faith — the watchman-cry, 'All's well!' — but the glory has departed, the spirit is gone; a form of dead orthodoxy is all that remains! But, here I must drop the subject; will you meet, and resume it with me at my house, this day week, at the usual hour?

"*G. & D.* Yes." — pp. 59 - 63.

In the remaining Conversations the author enters fully into the nature, evils, and remedy of sectarianism. We might give many rich extracts, but forbear; and in taking leave of the little work, would express our cordial sympathy with that free but humble spirit which here has thrown off the ice-fetters of a sect, and is leaping out into the genial atmosphere of a truer, purer Christianity.

Far in advance as this writer is of the sect of believers to which he has been attached, he has not, as we think, taken the highest view of Christianity. There *is* a higher view, as we before intimated. We do not find fault with Dr. Wylie, or anybody else, for not pressing on towards that view; our feeling towards him is that of gratitude for having done so much towards bringing back the almost buried and defaced ideal of the Christianity of Christ — "the truth as it was in Jesus." Yet admitting the principles advanced in this pamphlet, we see not how a free mind can limit the Christian name to those alone, who hold a speculative faith in him as an inspired messenger from God. We would have that hallowed name cover all Christlike souls. The saints of the earth, no matter what their *opinions* may be, should be in the inner circle, where Christ stands with his flock of blessed souls around him, all transfigured with him. The name of Jesus

should stamp not the outward but the invisible church. For the Christianity of Christ is not a creed, and has nothing to do with creeds, but is a Life. This has been somewhat said among us, but not enough. The idea in vogue is, that Christ taught a system of speculative doctrines as *his* peculiar religion, and intended that a belief in these should distinguish his followers from the world. We see nothing in the records of his life to warrant this view. The mission of Jesus was to the Heart and Conscience of man, and not to his Intellect. He was a spiritual Reformer, not a Philosopher. His purpose was to bring men nearer to God, make them one with Him — not to set their minds at work upon hard and knotty problems. He came to make men holy, not with enticing words of man's wisdom, not by maxims, wise sayings, high oracles, books, churches, or creeds, but by stamping his character on their hearts, and winning them by love to the heart of God. The essence of true Christianity is neither in historical facts, nor in an intellectual belief, but in the Principles which Christ lived and taught. To be penetrated with a conviction of the truth and divinity of Christianity, is to be filled with an inner sense of those eternal principles of holiness which stand back of Christianity, of which Christianity has been the great outlet. To know Christ is to know holiness and love. It is not to subscribe to a creed, to join a church, to form an opinion by balancing arguments and accumulating evidence, but it is to have the spirit of Christ — to be Christ-like. In the light of this truth all opinions and creeds become invisible, as the stars do at sunrise. We care not what our neighbor's creed is, if he only has the great principles of purity, justice, truth, and love enshrined in his soul, and manifested in his life. He may be no believer in Christ as supernaturally commissioned, — he may reject the authority of the Scriptures as ultimate, — he may call himself a *skeptic;* but if he is Christ-like, he is entitled to be of Christ's flock. His speculative opinions are but dust in the balance, when viewed beside those divine principles of Duty, which we see shining in his soul. *Let* him doubt, and deny — but if he be a good man, the skepticism of his understanding hardly weighs a feather with us. We see him based on a rock. We see him grounded upon a foundation not laid

by human hands, but in spite of human hands, laid in the soul by God himself. We see that though his understanding is in emptiness and in isolation from divine truths, yet his heart and moral instincts are linked to God.

But most persons persist in confounding opinions with principles, nay, even in exalting opinions above principles; whereas man and God are not more distinct from each other. A man, they say, must have fully made up his mind on certain doctrines. He must believe in some Trinity or atonement, in some prophet or miracle, or he must have faithfully and scholar-like studied and mastered some volume of Christian evidences, or if not able to do this, he must have taken the testimony of those wiser and more learned than he, that Christianity is true; or he must have stifled thought by the now lifeless theology of a past age, and sold away his freedom by signing certain articles of human invention, or he is no Christian. But if this be the road to Christianity, give us some other. If this be the true knowledge of Christ, give us infidelity — let us not be numbered with those learned sectarians, who would climb to heaven by books and creeds and dogmas.

And yet when this mighty distinction between Heart and Head is presented to such persons by an illustration, they cannot screen their bald inconsistency, by withholding an acknowledgment of the truth of the principles we have urged. Bring them to the test, present to them plainly the contrast between the theologian, the scholar, the creed-worshipper on the one hand, and the man of unwavering principle on the other, and their prejudices are put to shame — they find it impossible not to see the chasm between the two.

For the dwellers in Truth are like the inhabitants of this earth. As, wherever we go, and whatever city or house we dwell in, we are still at home on God's earth, the firm ground never leaves us, but stands built down under us, thousands of miles thick, so wherever we live in the world of eternal verities, no matter what creed we house our heads under, we ever touch the firm land of Truth. We may call ourselves Bostonians or Athenians, and our habitation a city or a house, or an apartment in a house, but we are not the less for that reason citizens of the earth, nay, of the whole universe. So we may call ourselves

Catholic or Baptist, Jew or Mahometan, so far as we dwell in the light of the principles of truth and goodness, so far, and so far only, we are members of the true church. Our home is the whole moral universe shone upon by the light of divine truth. But if the name Christian is to be narrowed down to a sect, which takes its stand upon speculative doctrines, in the name of all that is true, let us take some other appellation, and leave this, however cherished it may be, to the wrangling disputers who are fighting for it.

People talk of different Religions. There is and can be but one Religion. All else is but diversity of form. The eternal principles, which lie at the bottom of all religious systems, are the same. Religious truth is universal, uncontradictable. The religions of Adam, of Moses, of Mahomet, and of Christ, are grounded on the same great principles of man's relation to God. The difference lies in the *degree* in which the truth is promulgated through these persons, and not in the *kind* of truth presented. One system has greater *fulness* of truth than another. We speak of the fundamental ideas of such systems, and not of their subordinate parts.

Revealed Religion does not differ in its nature from Natural Religion. They are only different flowers from the same root. Natural Religion is the half-opened bud, Revealed Religion the glorious flower in full bloom, and fragrant with the perfume of its heavenly origin. The characteristic of Revelation is that it is the shining of a brighter light, — like the sun rising upon a world which has been sleeping in the cold, dim starlight of the dawn. The light is the same light — there cannot be two kinds of light, nor can there be two kinds of truth. Christianity is a broader and more emphatic declaration of the eternal law of God, and only so far as we see it to be an expression of God's law is it authoritative.

How futile then, and perplexing, to take up such speculations as we meet with all around us, as if such things were essential to our salvation. Shall we not rather say, "Give me thy word, O Father, thy word written not with fading ink, not in perishing forms, not in the subtile distinctions of metaphysical dogmas, but on the tables of the heart, by thine own hand-writing. Give me that ingrafted

word, which doubt and change cannot pluck up. Let me reverence my spiritual nature — I have no sure light but this — O, may I keep it undimmed, unquenched, and may its flame point upward ever unto Thee."

Such was the Idea which inspired the mind of Jesus, and which he was continually uttering. And yet, in spite of this, the church has always thwarted his purpose, and insisted upon a creed. It has always and does now everywhere demand what a man *believes*, not how he lives. Of this error the Church will do well to get rid, as soon as possible. Did our Saviour ever ask a man his creed, before he gave him his benediction, and suffered him to follow him?

The Christianity of Christ then is not a sound Theology, but a Holy Life. The poor, uneducated day-laborer may know far more of Christ than the philosopher in his rich library, surrounded by all the learning of the world. Christian Truth is universal truth — the light which lighteneth every one who cometh into the world. It is no man's exclusive property. It is common, free, and unpurchased as the light, the air, and the water. There can be no monopoly here. The invitation is to all. "Ho *every one* who thirsteth, come ye to the waters." "*Whosoever* believeth on me shall never thirst." Sin alone keeps us from the fountain. Unless we resemble Jesus, "our eyes will be holden that we shall not know him," his character will seem too lofty for our imitation, and his words too mystical for our comprehension. We may profess to follow him, but it will be but a phantom, not the real Christ. But let us be true to the Highest within us, as he was, and our hearts will burn within us as we commune with him, till enamored of that uncontained Beauty of Holiness, of which he was so large a partaker, we become at length worthy of his holy name.

C. P. Cranch

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## ANGELICA SLEEPS. — Berni.

Sleeping with such an air of grace I found her,
As my transported fancy pictured oft;
Proud at her gentle touch, fresh flowers sprang round her,
Love's breath the rivulet fanned to murmurs soft.

## NATURE AND ART, OR THE THREE LANDSCAPES.

"Art is called *Art*, because it is not Nature." — GOETHE.

### GASPAR POUSSIN.

Why, dearest, why
Dost thou so fondly linger, gazing long
Upon that fleecy sky
And gentle brook, rippling the rocks among?
Is it the bright warm air, the sunny green;
The cheerful golden light, pervading all;
The waving trees above, the dark ravine
Below, where the cool waters softly fall;
Or that blue valley, sweeping far away,
Into the opening day?
Tell me, my love, of this bright scene what part
Entrances thus thy sense with magic art?

It is not, love, a part — though every part
Touches the soul —
But to the brooding mind and wakeful heart
Appeals the whole!
Rocking the senses in a dream of youth,
Calling up early memories buried long;
Its nature, life, and truth
Ring through my heart like my own childhood's song.
Thus once where'er I turned my eye
Earth joyous smiled
Upon her joyful child;
No heavy shadow darkened land or sky,
No jarring discord broke with grating sound
The Harmony profound.

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### DOMINICHINO.

But what a dark, unnatural gloom,
What stifled air, like vapors in a tomb,
Rests on this saddened earth!
How motionless the trees are drooping,
As by a weight bent low,
And heavy clouds are downward stooping,
Presaging coming woe!
The stagnant waters hardly go,
Slothful and slow!
No sight of mirth,
No flitting bird, nor lamb with happy bound,
Disturbs the icy chill which hangs around.

And yet the picture moves the inmost mind,
Faithful to gloomier epochs of our life;
Moves it more deeply, painting with such power
A dark and painful hour
Of inward solitude, of mental strife.
O God on high! thy love, thy grace alone
Can cheer that dismal day
With heaven-descended ray.
Its desperate doubts and torturing thoughts dispel,
The Skeptic's bitter Hell!
He who to tell such inward agony
This frowning picture planned,
Must have possessed a spirit deep and high
Joined to a master's hand.

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### ALLSTON'S ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.

Look forth, my love, once more
Upon a fairer scene,
Than Grecia's heights, than Pausilippo's shore,
Or Vallambrosa's shadows thick and green.
See that half-hidden castle sleeping
Mid leafy, bowery groves,
A soft effulgence all around it creeping,
Like that which glances from the wings of doves
In light, uncertain motion.
And on the blue horizon stretching far,
Amid the wide spread ocean,
Rises a mountain pure and pale as evening's earliest star.
This ever-smiling sea
Rough with no frowning storm;
This tranquil land which no rude shapes deform,
From all harsh contrasts free;
This grace, this peace, this calm unchanging life
Belong not to our world of sin and strife.

No! not to outward earth
Belongs such peace as this;
Yet to the heart of man, an inward birth
Gives equal bliss.
When childhood's happy day
Of faith and hope is over,
And those sharp pangs have passed away,
When the cold ray
Of knowledge undeceives the heart round which fair visions hover,
Then, then may come a calmer, better hour,
A deeper Peace descend,
Which lifts our spirit to the loftiest Power
And makes our God our friend.

Then Nature sings again a hymn of joy,
And, like a merry boy,
Laughs out each hill, each valley, rock, and tree,
Laughs out the mighty sea,
Broad earth and hollow Heaven partake the
Spirit's ecstasy.

O, happy artist! whose God-guided hand
This second Eden planned,
Happy to execute this scene thou art,
Happier to find its image in thy heart.

F. C.

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## THE ART OF LIFE, — THE SCHOLAR'S CALLING.

Life is an art. When we consider what life may be to all, and what it is to most, we shall see how little this art is yet understood. What life may be to all is shown us in the lives of the honored few, whom we have learned to distinguish from the rest of mankind, and to worship as the heroes and saints of the world. What life is to most is seen wherever we turn our eyes. To all, life may be freedom, progress, success. To most men it is bondage, failure, defeat. Some have declared all life to be a tragedy. The life of most men is rightly so termed. What can be more tragical, than after long years of weary watching and ceaseless toil, in which all the joy and strength of our days have been wasted in pursuit of some distant good, to find, at last, that the good thus sought was a shadow, a sham, that the sum total of our endeavor, with no positive increase has left us *minus* our youth, our faculty, our hope, and that the threescore years have been a livelong illusion. This is the great ground-tragedy, in which all other tragedies and sorrows and defeats of man's life are comprised. Such is the actual condition of mankind. Look at our educated men. Of the hundreds, whom every year sends forth to wander in the various paths of active life, how many are there who find or even seek the bread that alone can satisfy the hungering, dreaming heart of man? How many sell their strength and waste their days and "file their minds" for some paltry clerkship or judgeship or

senatorship; or some phantom, which they term a competence; or at the best some dream of Fame—"ingens gloriæ cupido quæ etiam sapientibus novissima exuitur"—and find, when the race is done and the heat is won, that they are no nearer than before the true end of their being, and that the great work of life is still to do.

The work of life, so far as the individual is concerned, and that to which the scholar is particularly called, is *self-culture*,—the perfect unfolding of our individual nature. To this end above all others the art, of which I speak, directs our attention and points our endeavor. There is no man, it is presumed, to whom this object is wholly indifferent,—who would not willingly possess this too, along with other prizes, provided the attainment of it were compatible with personal ease and worldly good. But the business of self-culture admits of no compromise. Either it must be made a distinct aim, or wholly abandoned.

"I respect the man," says Goethe, "who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact, that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut." Is not this an exact description of most men's strivings? Every man undertakes to build his tower, and no one counts the cost. In all things the times are marked by a want of steady aim and patient industry. There is scheming and plotting in abundance, but no considerate, persevering effort. The young man launches into life with no definite course in view. If he goes into trade he has perhaps a general desire to be rich, but he has at the same time an equally strong desire for present gratification and luxurious living. He is unwilling to pay the price of his ambition. He endeavors to secure the present, and lets go the future. He turns seed-time into harvest, eats the corn which he ought to plant. If he goes into professional life, he sets out with a general desire to be eminent, but without considering in what particular he wishes to excel, and what is the price of that excellence. So he divides his time and talents among a great variety of pursuits; endeavoring to be all things, he becomes superficial in proportion as he is universal, and having acquired a brief reputation as worthless as it is short-lived, sinks down into hopeless insignificance.

Everything that man desires may be had for a price. The world is truer to us than we are to ourselves. In the great bargain of life no one is duped but by his own miscalculations, or baffled but by his own unstable will. If any man fail in the thing which he desires, it is because he is not true to himself, he has no sufficient inclination to the object in question. He is unwilling to pay the price which it costs.

Of self-culture, as of all other things worth seeking, the price is a single devotion to that object, — a devotion which shall exclude all aims and ends, that do not directly or indirectly tend to promote it. In this service let no man flatter himself with the hope of light work and ready wages. The work is hard and the wages are slow. Better pay in money or in fame may be found in any other path than in this. The only motive to engage in this work is its own inherent worth, and the sure satisfaction which accompanies the consciousness of progress, in the true direction towards the stature of a perfect man. Let him who would build this tower consider well the cost, whether in energy and endurance he have sufficient to finish it. Much, that he has been accustomed to consider as most desirable, he will have to renounce. Much, that other men esteem as highest and follow after as the grand reality, he will have to forego. No emoluments must seduce him from the rigor of his devotion. No engagements beyond the merest necessities of life must interfere with his pursuit. A meagre economy must be his income. "Spare fast that oft with gods doth diet" must be his fare. The rusty coat must be his badge. Obscurity must be his distinction. He must consent to see younger and smaller men take their places above him in Church and State. He must become a living sacrifice, and dare to lose his life in order that he may find it.

The scholar of these days has no encouragement from without. A cold and timid policy everywhere rebukes his aspirations. Everywhere "advice with scrupulous head" seeks to dehort and deter. Society has no rewards for him. Society rewards none but those who will do its work, which if the scholar undertake, he must straightway neglect his own. The business of society is not the advancement of the mind, but the care of the body. It is not the highest culture, but the greatest comfort. Accordingly, an endless multiplication of physical conveniences — an infinite

economy has become the *cultus*, the worship of the age. Religion itself has been forced to minister in this service. No longer a divine life — an end in itself, it has become a mere instrument and condition of comfortable living, either in this earth or in some transmundane state. A more refined species of sensual enjoyment is the uttermost it holds out.

On all hands man's existence is converted into a preparation for existence. We do not properly live in these days, but, everywhere, with patent inventions and complex arrangements, are getting ready to live; like that King of Epirus, who was all his lifetime preparing to take his ease, but must first conquer the world. The end is lost in the means. Life is smothered in appliances. We cannot get to ourselves, there are so many external comforts to wade through. Consciousness stops half way. Reflection is dissipated in the circumstances of our environment. Goodness is exhausted in aids to goodness, and all the vigor and health of the soul is expended in quack contrivances to build it up. O! for some moral Alaric, one is tempted to exclaim, who should sweep away, with one fell swoop, all that has been in this kind, — all the manuals and false pretensions of modern culture, and place man once more on the eternal basis of original Nature. We are paying dearer than we imagine for our boasted improvements. The highest life, — the highest enjoyment, the point at which, after all our wanderings, we mean to land, is the life of the mind — the enjoyment of thought. Between this life and any point of outward existence, there is never but one step, and that step is an act of the will, which no aids from without can supercede or even facilitate. We travel round and round in a circle of facilities, and come at last to the point from which we set out. The mortal leap remains still to be made.

With these objects and tendencies the business of self-culture has nothing to do. Its objects are immediate and ultimate. Its aim is to live now, to live in the present, to live in the highest. The process here is one with the end. With such opposite views the scholar must expect nothing from Society, but may deem himself happy, if for the day-labor, which necessity imposes, Society will give him his hire, and beyond that leave him free to follow his proper

calling, which he must either pursue with exclusive devotion, or wholly abandon. The more needful is it that he bring to the conflict the Prometheus spirit of endurance, which belongs of old to his work and line.

Besides this voluntary abstinence from temporal advantages and public affairs, the business of self-culture requires a renunciation of present notoriety, and a seclusion more or less rigorous from the public eye. The world is too much with us. We live out of doors. An all-present publicity attends our steps. Our life is in print. At every turn we are gazetted and shown up to ourselves. Society has become a chamber of mirrors, where our slightest movement is brought home to us with thousandfold reflections. The consequence is a morbid consciousness, a habit of living for effect, utterly incompatible with wholesome effort and an earnest mind. No heroic character, no depth of feeling, or clearness of insight can ever come of such a life. All that is best in human attainments springs from retirement. Whoso has conceived within himself any sublime and fruitful thought, or proposed to himself any great work or life, has been guided thereto by solitary musing. In the ruins of the capitol, Gibbon conceived his immortal "Rome." In a cavern on the banks of the Saale, Klopstock meditated his "Messiah." In the privacy of Woolsthorpe, Newton surmised the law which pervades the All. In the solitude of Erfurt, Luther received into his soul the new evangile of faith and freedom.

"And if we would say true
Much to the man is due
Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere
As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot
Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time
And cast the Kingdoms old
Into another mould."

In retirement we first become acquainted with ourselves, our means, and ends. There no strange form interposes between us and the truth. No paltry vanity cheats us with false shows and aims. The film drops from our eyes. While we gaze the vision brightens; while we muse the fire burns. Retirement, too, is the parent of freedom. From

living much among men we come to ape their views and faiths, and order our principles, our lives, as we do our coats, by the fashion of the times. Let him who aspires to popular favor and the suffrage of his contemporaries court the public eye. But whoso would perfect himself and bless the world with any great work or example, must hide his young days in "some reclusive and religious life out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries."

Whatever selfishness there may seem to be in such a discipline as this, exists only in appearance. The influence it would have upon Society would, in fact, be hardly less beneficial than its influence on the individual himself. In self-culture lies the ground and condition of all culture. Not those, who seem most earnest in promoting the culture of Society, do most effectually promote it. We have reformers in abundance, but few who, in the end, will be found to have aided essentially the cause of human improvement; either because they have failed to illustrate in themselves the benefits they wished to confer, and the lesson they wished to inculcate, or because there is a tendency in mankind to resist overt efforts to guide and control them. The silent influence of example, where no influence is intended, is the true reformer. The only efficient power, in the moral world, is attraction. Society are more benefited by one sincere life, by seeing how one man has helped himself, than by all the projects that human policy has devised for their salvation. The Christian church — the mightiest influence the world has known — was the product of a great example.

Every period has its own wants, and different epochs require a different discipline. There are times when mankind are served by conformity; and there are times when a sterner discipline is required to revive the heroic spirit in a puny and servile age. When the Athenian mind, emasculated by the luxury which succeeded the Persian wars, and corrupted by the mischievous doctrines of the Sophists, had lost its fine sense of justice and truth; then arose, with austere front and wholesome defiance, the Cynics and the Stoics, whose fan was in their hands, and whose lives went deeper than Plato's words. That the present is a period when examples like these would not be unprofitable, no one, I think, can doubt, who has considered well its characteris-

tic tendencies and wants — the want of courage, the want of faith, the hollowness of Church and State, the shallowness of teachers,

> "Whose lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,"

the hunger of the taught, who "look up and are not fed," and the frequent protest, which he who listens may hear from all the better spirits in the land. The time has come when good words are no longer of any avail. Book-teaching has become effete. No man teaches with authority. All are eager to speak, none are willing to hear. What the age requires is not books, but example, high, heroic example; not words but deeds; not societies but men, — men who shall have their root in themselves, and attract and convert the world by the beauty of their fruits. All truth must be lived before it can be adequately known or taught. Men are anterior to systems. Great doctrines are not the origin, but the product, of great lives. The Cynic practice must precede the Stoic philosophy, and out of Diogenes's tub came forth in the end the wisdom of Epictetus, the eloquence of Seneca, and the piety of Antonine.

On this ground I am disposed to rejoice in those radical movements, which are everywhere springing up in the discontented spirits and misguided efforts of modern reform. Perfectionism, Grahamism, Nonresistance, and all the forms of ultraism, blind and headlong as they seem, have yet a meaning which, if it cannot command assent, must at least preclude contempt. They are the gropings of men who have waked too soon, while the rest of mankind are yet wrapt in sleep, and the new day still tarries in the East. The philosopher sees through these efforts, and knows that they are not the light that is to come; but he feels that they are sent to bear witness of the light, and hails them as the welcome tokens of approaching day. However our reason may disallow, however our taste may reject them, the thoughtful mind will perceive there the symptoms of a vitality which appears nowhere else. They are the life, however spasmodic, of this generation. There, or nowhere, beats the heart of the century. Thus the new in Church and State is always preceded by a cynical, radical spirit, which wages war with the old. Every genuine reform has its preacher in the wilder-

ness. First the Cynic John with hair cloth and fasts, then the God-man Jesus with the bread of life.

Meanwhile the scholar has his function, too, in this baptism of repentance. For him, too, the age has its problem and its task. What other reformers are to the moral culture, he must be to the mind of his age. By taste averse, by calling exempt, from the practical movements around him, to him is committed the movement of thought. He must be a radical in speculation, an ascetic in devotion, a Cynic in independence, an anchorite in his habits, a perfectionist in discipline. Secluded from without, and nourished from within, self-sustained and self-sufficing, careless of praise or blame, intent always on the highest, he must rebuke the superficial attainments, the hollow pretensions, the feeble efforts, and trivial productions, of his contemporaries, with the thoroughness of his acquisitions, the reach of his views, the grandeur of his aims, the earnestness of his endeavor.

It is to such efforts and to such men that we must look for the long expected literature of this nation. Hitherto our literature has been but an echo of other voices and climes. Generally, in the history of nations, song has preceded science, and the feeling of a people has been sooner developed than its understanding. With us this order has been reversed. The national understanding is fully ripe, but the feeling, the imagination of the people, has found as yet no adequate expression. We have our men of science, our Franklins, our Bowditches, our Cleavelands; we have our orators, our statesmen; but the American poet, the American thinker is yet to come. A deeper culture must lay the foundation for him, who shall worthily represent the genius and utter the life of this continent. A severer discipline must prepare the way for our Dantes, our Shakspeares, our Miltons. "He who would write an epic," said one of these, "must make his life an epic." This touches our infirmity. We have no practical poets, — no epic lives. Let us but have sincere livers, earnest, whole-hearted, heroic men, and we shall not want for writers and for literary fame. Then shall we see springing up, in every part of these Republics, a literature, such as the ages have not known, — a literature, commensurate with our idea, vast as our destiny and varied as our clime.

## LETTER TO A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.

My dear Friend,

I was somewhat surprised at the information, that you had commenced the study of theology; but not sorry, I assure you. I supposed that you had looked at all the attractions which the study holds out, and had found that you were made for something else. On that account, I always avoided saying anything which might look like tempting you to engage in it; being persuaded that a taste for our profession must be born in the heart, and not awakened by any external persuasion or influence. But now that you have made up your mind to devote yourself to its duties, I cannot but rejoice with you in your determination, and wish you the blessing of God on your prospects. You enter on the study with the advantages of an ardent temperament, a vigorous will, no slight experience of the world, and, I trust, with a pure purpose of yielding to the inspirations of your higher nature. With a spirit of earnest and glowing piety, with a true sympathy with Christ and with your fellow-men, and with a rational zeal for the progress of Humanity, the promotion of light, truth, and joy in the world, (and all these qualities will be more and more developed, as you go on, if true to yourself,) you cannot fail of being happy in your studies and in your profession, should it please God to spare your life to enter it. I need not tell how sincerely my best wishes are given to you at this moment, how earnestly I pray that you may be a faithful student and a happy pastor.

Let me guard you against one almost fatal error, into which I have observed our young men are too apt to fall, and that is, the habit of studying in order to find supports, wherewith to maintain prevailing opinions, rather than to attain to a clear and living system of truth, which shall be to the soul what the blood is to the body, — a flowing fountain of inward strength, and giving beauty, activity, and the glow of health to every outward manifestation. You may think the day is past for any fear of this error. You may suppose that our age and our community are too free and independent, to present any temptations to such a course. But I am compelled to believe, that this is

not yet the case with us. A young man commences study with a view to the Orthodox ministry. But he is well aware of what he is expected to learn, to believe, and to preach. He knows that, if he deviates by a perceptible hair's breadth from this established line, he will gain neither a parish nor a hearing. He must either change his plan of life altogether, or take good care to see no truth and listen to no arguments, (except to refute them,) which could tempt him to swerve from the old path. You may say that you are in no danger from this, because you have your eye fixed on the liberal ministry. But let me here tell you a secret, — which on second thought is no secret, after all, — young as you are, I dare say, you have long ago found it out for yourself. I allude to the fact, that although, as liberal Christians, we have renounced the Orthodox doctrines, we still cherish too much of the exclusive spirit. We are too desirous of uniformity of faith, too fearful of future progress, too anxious for the success of our party. We do not maintain, as we should, a generous confidence in Truth, and in Humanity. Now this spirit easily gains possession of the soul. It grows upon it while we are asleep. It creeps over a character, which, in other respects, is bright with many virtues. But call it Orthodox or what you will, this spirit in its worst form is more at war with the spirit of Christ, with the essence of Protestantism, and the noblest interests of piety, than the darkest doctrines of Orthodoxy. A bad doctrine is often sanctified and made harmless by a true spirit; whereas a cowardly, time-serving, selfish spirit cannot be redeemed from its intrinsic degradation, by an alliance with the purest doctrines that ever fell from mortal lips. God preserve us from the most distant approach to such a spirit, or we are as good as dead. But we are too much exposed to this in our present state of society. A young man commences study with a view to the liberal ministry. But here, too, he knows what is expected of him. A strait path is marked out for his feet; but while he is told to use his freedom, and think for himself, woe to him if he dare to choose any other. He must avoid, as he would the gates of Hades, everything like the old dogmatics. He must take care not to speak too much of sin, or of the need of a new heart, not to use too frequently or too fer-

vently the name of Christ or of the Holy Ghost, not to press too warmly the reality of religious experience, and the heights and depths of the Christian life, lest he should be accused of too much zeal, lest he should be thought not to be sound, lest he should be suspected of some faint shadow of approach to the gloom and darkness of Orthodoxy. But then he must also take good care not to fall into the gulf on the opposite side. He must hold on to all the ideas which, by a sort of vague, unwritten common law, have become part and parcel of liberal Christianity. If he venture to differ much from his teachers, if he wishes to wipe off the dust of centuries from some dark nook in the Gothic temple of our faith, if he speak out from the fulness of his own heart and in the strength of severe conviction, in dissonance with the prevailing echoes of departed voices,—he will be certain to raise a cry, by no means musical, against his presumption and independence. He will be thought to compromise the interests of his party; and of course perils his own reputation. A man must have uncommon moral courage, united with a truly ingenuous and transparent mind, to consent to run such a risk. He therefore seeks for a safe and approved path, rather than one which suits his own ideas; he loves rather to ride in a troop on the dusty highway, than to search out for himself those green and shady avenues of truth, which are "so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming." Hence the dulness of sermons which is so much complained of. No man can preach well, unless he coins his own flesh and blood, the living, palpitating fibres of his very heart, into the words which he utters from the pulpit. If he speaks what he has learned from others, what he finds in books, what he thinks it decorous and seemly that a man should say in his place, he may indeed be a good mechanic in the pulpit, he may help to hand down a worm-eaten, stereotyped system of theology, to those who have no more heart for it than he has himself; but a true prophet of God, a man baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, he can never be. And for the want of such men how much are religion and the Church now suffering. Compare the science of Theology (for it is a science) with that of Astronomy, Chemistry, Political Economy, even with pure Mathematics, in short with any science that pre-

tends to go alone; and see the decrepit, the worn and withered figure of the one, in contrast with the fresh and buoyant movements of the others. The latter breathing the free mountain air, where all the winds of doctrine are let loose, with health in every feature and life in every motion, inspired with the joy of youth and the consciousness of power; the former lagging behind the magnificent procession, in which all Sciences and Arts are pressing forward to truth, clad in the weeds of widowhood and poverty, with sunken eye and wasted brow, and no hope, but that of decent burial, when the last asthmatic breath shall have been sent forth.

In Europe a new life has sprung up from the ashes of a departed faith; a hag-like, scholastic theology has given up the ghost, upon being brought out of darkness into daylight; and a virgin form appears radiant with beauty, and already uttering the same words with which angel voices heralded the birth of Christ. It is for our young men to welcome this glorious visitant to their bosoms. It is for them to naturalize a truly liberal and generous theology on our own blessed soil. Their mission is arduous, but it cannot fail of its completion. I rejoice that you have commenced the study of theology, just at this epoch in our progress. I know you have a free mind which will never blench from inquiry, and a bold one, which will not fear to utter its thoughts. Let it be filled and consecrated with the heavenly spirit of Christ, let your youthful energy be blended with the meekness and gentleness and wisdom of your Divine Master, and you will have everything to hope and little to fear.

I sincerely congratulate you on the advantages you will enjoy, under the guidance of so frank and healthy a mind as his, whom you have chosen for a teacher. I am certain (for I know him well) that he will never prescribe to you articles to be believed, but will only direct you to the great lights above and within, which you must see for yourself. You will do well to imbibe his spirit of perfect tolerance. A minister must be wretched without this. It will secure him from all the little disgusts, which a various intercourse is apt to engender; it will enable him to bear with every diversity of expression and of character, as well as of faith; and to enter with strong heart and hope into all the practical

details of his profession, which are usually so irksome to the man, whose dainty fastidiousness has no sympathy with what he deems vulgar or common-place.

If you read German, let me recommend to you "Herder's Letters on the Study of Theology." You will find them a fruitful source of noble and glorious thoughts; and can never read them without feeling your heart elevated and made better, though they may not impart much positive and exact instruction. If you do not read German, the perusal of that book alone, would repay you for the six months' study of leisure hours, which it would cost to acquire the language.

I am sure you will not take ill of me the freedom with which I have answered your letter. I have no fancy for giving advice, and I do not intend for such what I have now written. It is rather the expression of sympathy, which I know from experience is always welcome to a young man, from those who are a few years in advance of him, in the path which he is about to enter.

*December*, 1836. R.

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## "THE POOR RICH MAN."

How in my youth I longed and prayed to have
  Communion with a wise and perfect soul,
And flung away the things that fortune gave,
  And over which she claimed to have control.
How my heart stiffened to the world of sense,
And, dying, sought a life far more intense.

And how the treasure I so dearly won,
  And spent my life to seek, in riper age,
I long to pour out on some needy son
  Of time, that he may have fair heritage.
Alas, that once I languished to be fed,
And now have none to whom to give my bread!

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Why askest thou, friend, for new thoughts never said?
On the same olden lore are all fair spirits fed.

## MUSINGS OF A RECLUSE.

### I.

I HAVE seen, after three or four days of still summer rain and gray sky, a most glorious lighting up, though gradual, for the clouds had so long hung together that they were slow and loth to part, and they lingered in the heavens all day, rolling here and there their silvery white masses, or floating lazily through space, dark, heavy, and dull together; when parted they became bright glorified bodies. What a moral might be drawn from them for dull, low-hanging, heavy clusters of human beings.

### II.

How often do we hear enforced the necessity of watching, guarding, and arranging our actions; our duty illustrated by that of military men, who cannot gain a battle by merely grand general views of victory without attending to minute details, or by the agriculturist, who is watching the growth of various portions of the soil he cultivates, and so forth. Is not the difference between spiritual and material things just this; that in the one case we must watch details, in the other keep alive the high resolve, and the details will take care of themselves? Keep the sacred central fire burning, and throughout the system in each of its acts will be warmth and glow enough.

### III.

How like an imprisoned bird is Christianity! The teachers of Humanity have been, and always are, gilding and adorning its cage, cleansing and sprinkling it with perfume, improving its drinking vessels, and calling us around it to gaze and see how beautiful the captive is, and admonishing us to plume our wings just so; not for flight, but that they may look decorous. Though one of delicate perception may detect something sweet and soothing in the poor bird's gentle note, and something cheering in its bolder melody; yet there is an unhealthy moaning in its music, and a lifelessness in its drooping wing, which separate it from its free and exulting mates of the woods and hills. Where is he who, with pious but not timid hand, may gently unlock its prison-house and say, "Go forth, patient sufferer, and cheer the world with thy free and joyous song. Warble it in the ear of the young and

happy, chant it melodiously at the window of the sufferer, till an answering strain is heard throughout the universe."

IV.

Jean Paul has said, "our convictions can never be so firm that they may not become firmer by their beautiful correspondence with those of another mind. The rain is not less reviving to water plants in the midst of their stream than to those growing on the bank." Not to him who awakens new thoughts, but to him who confirms us in the convictions which are the result of our thinking do we feel ourselves most indebted. When this confirmation of belief extends over a wide range of subjects, and is uttered in a few select words of deepest wisdom, we no longer accept it as cheering sympathy, but bow to it as high authority. When after years of careful observation and deep study of incongruous things, we have detected a principle that ranges them all in beautiful order around its centre, and are rewarded for our toil by the discovery, and we attempt to unfold this principle to others in the selectest language we can command, how are we impressed by finding in one short sentence of a sage or bard of far off ages, our slowly obtained experience uttered as the every-day thought of his deeper wisdom. Could we find any record crowded with such oracles, it would be to us divine, it would be to us revelation. Such revelations do we find in the Gospels of Christianity. However earnestly each may contend that the evidence most convincing to his own mind is the only true testimony; so surely as each mind conceives a God of its own, so surely must each individual mind find its own evidence and its corresponding faith. Do I need a miracle to prove the divinity of the teachings I am listening to, I take a miracle for my evidence and my faith itself is a miracle, not the simple growth of my unfolding powers; if confirmation of my own experience, and deeper penetration into life than I have yet attained, be the evidence I demand, I gladly welcome that higher teaching, and exclaim with as heartfelt joy as the shepherds, who received the angelic visiters, "Glory to God in the highest!"

Amid all the bewilderments of this bewildering life, nothing perplexed me so long as to find the right place for its trifles; tinsel, gewgaws as one class terms them; its elegan-

cies, luxuries as they are named by the other. I never had any affinity with those undraped souls, who, stern in principle, reject all that cannot at once be transmuted into their own granite formation, and frown incessantly on all the graceful shapes of minor form in which life flows out. Neither do I join that other company, who value every lighter grace of intellect, and every fair form that wit creates, but prune away those slighter and more common manifestations of beauty which lend a charm to every-day life. I was sure these trifles had their meaning, and if their meaning, their place; too deep a meaning for those to interpret, who live and move and have their being in them. A few years passed, and the love of perfection became my religion, the quiet striving for it my aim; then all things in Heaven and earth took their true proportions. The trifling elegancies of life assumed an importance, not dreamed of by those who live in them. They became expressions of a thirst for beauty that nature alone can satisfy. The rose-colored curtain of my boudoir was a reflection of the evening cloud, my velvet couch in winter became my summer's bank of turf, perfumes my flowers, jewels my stars, the more brilliant the more star-like. The shade of my ribband, the proportion of my shoe-tie, had to do with the harmony and order of the Universe, which I had no right to mar. Nothing was mean, and with this self-discovered truth came interpreted to me the command, often lightly passed over before, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," and when these minor temporary charms of life have faded, the spirit, which they have helped to enrich, will open to you everlasting habitations.

## V.

Yesterday was to me a most glorious day of revelling. Wearied and perturbed by dusty every-day cares and turmoils, I stole from them for a while, for a good long reading in Bettina's journal. For hours I bathed and floated in the sea of her beautiful thoughts; rather in the flood of her gushing rapture-feelings, from amid whose golden or moon-light waves arose thoughts like green islands thickly scattered. Bettina is a most rare creature, expanding from her earliest years generously and freely, without hindrance from out-

ward obstacle or inward strife; one who was born to tell us the secrets of nature, and reveal to us what she may become to every childlike, loving soul. Bettina grew up in her lap like a pet infant, kept apart from every other influence, that we might see how wise are the teachings of our mother. This is the first time I have ever seen written out in poetry or prose the best that can yet be said of this Universe, that lies about us, or even my own narrow experience of its inexhausted power, and yet this is only the beginning of its many-sided history. This little heroine is the firstI have ever known, who thoroughly understood, and used what we all enjoy. Nature was the loving nurse so her infancy, and though she sometimes showed to her favorite her sterner features they were mantled in a smile, for her which won a confiding trust; she was the playmate of her youth and the companion of her early begun womanhood, when she felt that her circle of life was incomplete, till she met the kindred mind from whose fulness the richness of her own might be doubled, and who might teach her with his elder wisdom more than she yet had learned of the universe and of herself. Not as interpreter of nature within and without her, did she adopt him, for before the unclouded vision of her innocence no awful mysteries presented themselves without, and within all was clear and bright. Goethe was to her the expression of the divine soul in humanity. It might have been another, perhaps Novalis, perhaps some one else, for it was not an individual, it was being in a form which charmed that she demanded. Nothing could be more original and yet more natural than her passion for her Jupiter, Apollo all in one. It was a perfectly pure and sanctifying feeling of worship. In him was concentrated the spirit of the universe, life, as it had looked out to her before from trees and brooks and flowers, and spoken to her in the hum of insect and song of bird. He was the light of life to her, and she expanded in it. It asked no return, it could not be returned, it would have been disturbed and limited by an answering fervor; it only needed a protecting benignity, a placid, grateful permission to be. He was human and with the hope and expectation of return would have come disappointment, perhaps despair, at best incompleteness. The stream must flow at its own sweet will into all the nooks and crevices of the flowery, grassy bank it bathes,

and fill it to the brim with its own fulness, and flow back again laden with sweet odors and dancing with livelier joy; but if the bank move to meet it, it repels and hems it in, and changes it from a calm flowing river to a wild torrent. With a little more of trust and kindness there would be something almost as beautiful in Goethe's calm way of encouraging Bettina's passion, as in the passion itself. He met it in the only way it could be met, and most gently breathed upon it. The profound wisdom of the little maid is as striking as her ardor. She never raves, and her extravagance is of the most healthy kind. She revels in the universe and in her love, but accepts the conditions to which the Infinite has subjected the finite, understands the limitations of humanity, and unrepiningly submits, knowing that what she most cherishes is illimitable in its nature and will presently burst its fetters. Perhaps it were well if many ardent natures should expand under such influences as Bettina's. It is certainly most favorable for a noble free spirit to be attracted by the noblest it can find, and undisturbed by any restless craving for sympathy, love and admire at too great a distance from its object to perceive imperfections, but near enough to feel the sunlight of what glory it may possess, and thrive therein. Then the condition of hopeless love, from being the most degrading into which innocence can fall, would become the noblest. To be uncomplaining but ardent was Bettina's high praise, and her love was so generalizing, so little occupied with the details of admiration, that its dignity is sustained, and we hardly feel it to be a delusion.

No one should read this journal, who is not at once so deeply interested in the unfolding of Bettina's rich nature as to lose sight of the thought, that after years had passed she could translate the record of her love into a foreign language, and spread it abroad over the world. Yet when we have learned to love her, this thought becomes less revolting. We reverence the youthful trust that still clings to her, and permits her to expose her intimate heart's history to the multitude, for the sake of the kind ones who will welcome it. She is so absorbed in the object of her passion, that perhaps she did not regard the tale as her own history, but rather as a worthy monument to him who inspired it.

## THE WOOD-FIRE.

This bright wood-fire
So like to that which warmed and lit
My youthful days — how doth it flit
Back on the periods nigher,
Relighting and rewarming with its glow
The bright scenes of my youth — all gone out now.
How eagerly its flickering blaze doth catch
On every point now wrapped in time's deep shade,
Into what wild grotesqueness by its flash
And fitful checquering is the picture made!
When I am glad or gay,
Let me walk forth into the brilliant sun,
And with congenial rays be shone upon;
When I am sad, or thought-bewitched would be,
Let me glide forth in moonlight's mystery,
But never, while I live this changeful life,
This past and future with all wonders rife,
Never, bright flame, may be denied to me,
Thy dear, life-imaging, close sympathy.
What but my hopes shot upward e'er so bright?
What but my fortunes sank so low in night?

Why art thou banished from our hearth and hall,
Thou who art welcomed and beloved by all?
Was thy existence then too fanciful
For our life's common light, who are so dull?
Did thy bright gleam mysterious converse hold
With our congenial souls? secrets too bold?
Well, we are safe and strong, for now we sit
Beside a hearth where no dim shadows flit,
Where nothing cheers nor saddens, but a fire
Warms feet and hands — nor does to more aspire;
By whose compact, utilitarian heap,
The present may sit down and go to sleep,
Nor fear the ghosts who from the dim past walked,
And with us by the unequal light of the old wood-fire talked.

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## THE DAY BREAKS.

Little child! little child! seeking a home,
To the Great Spirit trustfully come,
It is no miser holding back treasure,
'T will lavish upon you gifts without measure,
If you will but receive. Hold forth your hand,
And it is filled with the streaming light,
Open your eyes, look out o'er the land,
Behold! it is day, and you thought it was night.

Z.

## THE POET.

He touched the earth, a soul of flame,
His bearing proud, his spirit high,
Filled with the heavens from whence he came,
He smiled upon man's destiny.

Yet smiled as one who knew no fear,
And felt a secret strength within,
Who wondered at the pitying tear
Shed over human loss and sin.

Lit by an inward brighter light
Than aught that round about him shone,
He walked erect through shades of night,
Clear was his pathway — but how lone!

Men gaze in wonder and in awe
Upon a form so like to theirs,
Worship the presence, yet withdraw,
And carry elsewhere warmer prayers.

Yet when the glorious pilgrim guest,
Forgetting once his strange estate,
Unloosed the lyre from off his breast
And strung its chords to human fate;

And gaily snatching some rude air,
Carrolled by idle passing tongue,
Gave back the notes that lingered there,
And in Heaven's tones earth's low lay sung;

Then warmly grasped the hand that sought
To thank him with a brother's soul,
And when the generous wine was brought,
Shared in the feast and quaffed the bowl; —

Men laid their hearts low at his feet,
And sunned their being in his light,
Pressed on his way his steps to greet,
And in his love forgot his might.

And when, a wanderer long on earth,
On him its shadow also fell,
And dimmed the lustre of a birth,
Whose day-spring was from heaven's own well;

They cherished even the tears he shed,
Their woes were hallowed by his woe,
Humanity, half cold and dead,
Had been revived in genius' glow.

## LIFE.

GREATLY to Be
Is enough for me,
Is enough for thee.

Why for work art thou striving,
Why seek'st thou for aught?
To the soul that is living
All things shall be brought.

What thou art thou wilt do,
And thy work will be true.

But how can I Be
Without labor or love?
Life comes not to me
As to calm gods above.

Not only above
May spirit be found,
The sunshine of love
Streams all around.

The sun does not say,
"I will not shine
Unless every ray
Fall on planets divine."

He shines upon dust,
Upon things mean and low,
His own inward thought
Maketh him glow.

Z.

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## EVENING.

A SMALL brook murmurs with a silver tone,
An echo to the wind that softly sighs;
The birds into their moonlit nests have flown;
Through dews the flowers look up with tearful eyes.

Beautiful trees wave gently in that wood,
The moonlight stealeth in among the boughs.
Let no vain step within those aisles intrude, —
It is a holy place, and full of heavenly vows.

Z.

## A LESSON FOR THE DAY;

OR

## THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST, OF THE CHURCH, AND OF SOCIETY.

"Hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches, . . . . I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest, and art dead." — BIBLE.

EVERY man has at times in his mind the Ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men, that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is satisfied with himself, so that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy. Man never falls so low, that he can see nothing higher than himself. This ideal man which we project, as it were, out of ourselves, and seek to make real; this Wisdom, Goodness, and Holiness, which we aim to transfer from our thoughts to our life, has an action, more or less powerful, on each man, rendering him dissatisfied with present attainments, and restless, unless he is becoming better. With some men it takes the rose out of the cheek, and forces them to wander a long pilgrimage of temptations, before they reach the delectable mountains of Tranquillity, and find "Rest for the Soul," under the Tree of Life.

Now there is likewise an ideal of perfection floating before the eyes of a community or nation; and that ideal which hovers, lofty or low, above the heads of our nation, is the Christian ideal, "the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus." Christianity then is the ideal our nation is striving to realize in life; the sublime prophecy we are laboring to fulfil. Of course, some part thereof is made real and actual, but by no means the whole; for if it were, some higher ideal must immediately take its place. Hence there exists a difference between the actual state in which our countrymen are, and the ideal state in which they should be; just as there is a great gulf between what each man is, and what he knows he ought to become. But there is at this day not only a wide difference between the

true Christian ideal, and our actual state, but what is still worse, there is a great dissimilarity between *our ideal*, and the ideal of Christ. The CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST is the highest and most perfect ideal ever presented to the longing eyes of man; but the CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHURCH, which is the ideal held up to our eyes, at this day, is a very different thing; and the CHRISTIANITY OF SOCIETY, which is that last ideal imperfectly realized, has but the slightest affinity with Christ's sublime archetype of man. Let us look a little more narrowly into the matter.

Many years ago, at a time when all nations were in a state of deep moral and religious degradation; when the world lay exhausted and sick with long warfare; at a time when Religion was supported by each civilized State; but when everywhere the religious form was outgrown and worn out, though the State yet watched this tattered garment with the most jealous care, calling each man a blasphemer, who complained of its scantiness, or pointed out its rents; at a time when no wise man, any where, had the smallest respect for the popular Religion, except so far as he found it a convenient instrument to keep the mob in subjection to their lords; and when only the few had any regard for Religion, into whose generous hearts it is by nature so deeply sown, that they are born religious; at such a time, in a little corner of the world, of a people once pious but then corrupted to the heart; of a nation well known only to be justly and universally hated — there was born a man; a right true man. He had no advantage of birth, for he was descended from the poorest of the people; none of education, for he was brought up in a little village, whose inhabitants were wicked to a proverb; and so little had schools and colleges to do for him, that his townsmen wondered he had learned to read. He had no advantage of aid or instruction from the great and the wise; but grew up and passed his life, mainly, with fishers, and others of like occupation, — the most illiterate of men.

This was a true man; such as had never been seen before. None such has risen since his time. He was so true, that he could tolerate nothing false; so pure and holy, that he, and perhaps he alone of all men, was justified in calling others by their proper name; even when that

proper name was Blind Guide, Fool, Hypocrite, Child of the Devil. He found men forgetful of God. They seemed to fancy He was dead. They lived as if there had once been a God, who had grown old and deceased. They were mistaken also as to the nature of man. They saw he had a body; they forgot he is a Soul, and has a Soul's Rights, and a Soul's Duties. Accordingly they believed there had been Revelations, in the days of their fathers, when God was alive and active. They knew not there were Revelations every day to faithful Souls;—Revelations just as real, just as direct, just as true, just as sublime, just as valuable, as those of old time; for the Holy Spirit has not yet been exhausted, nor the River of God's inspiration been drunk dry by a few old Hebrews, great and divine souls though they were.

He found men clinging to tradition, as orphan girls cling to the robe of their mother dead and buried, hoping to find life in what had once covered the living. Thus men stood with their faces nailed to the past; their eyes fastened to the ground. They dreamed not the sun rose each morning fresh and anew. So their teachers looked only at the west, seeking the light amid dark and thundering clouds, and mocking at such as, turning their faces to the East, expounded the signs of new morning, and "wished for the day."

This true man saw through their sad state, and comforting his fellows he said, Poor brother man, you are deceived. God is still alive. His Earth is under your feet. His Heaven is over your head. He takes care of the sparrows. Justice, and Wisdom, and Mercy, and Goodness, and Virtue, and Religion are not superannuated and ready to perish. They are young as Hunger and Thirst, which shall be as fresh in the last man as they were in the first. God has never withdrawn from the universe, but he is now present and active in this spot, as ever on Sinai, and still guides and inspires all who will open their hearts to admit him there. Men are still men; born pure as Adam and into no less a sphere. All that Abraham, Moses, or Isaiah possessed is open unto you, just as it was to them. If you will, your inspiration may be glorious as theirs, and your life as divine. Yea, far more; for the least in the New Kingdom is greater than the greatest

in the Old. Trouble not yourselves then with the fringes and tassels of thread-bare tradition, but be a man on your own account.

Poor sinful Brother, said he to fallen man, you have become a fool, an hypocrite, deceiving and deceived. You live as if there were no God; no soul; as if you were but a beast. You have made yourself as a ghost, a shadow, not a man. Rise up and be a man, thou child of God. Cast off these cumbrous things of old. Let Conscience be your Lawgiver; Reason your Oracle; Nature your Temple; Holiness your High-priest; and a Divine Life your Offering. Be your own Prophet; for the Law and the old Prophets were the best things men had before John; but now the Kingdom of Heaven is preached; leave them, for their work is done. Live no longer such a mean life as now. If you would be saved — love God with your whole heart, and man as yourself. Look not back for better days and say Abraham is our father; but live now, and be not Abrahams, but something better. Look not forward to the time when your fancied deliverer shall come; but use the moment now in your hands. Wait not for the Kingdom of God; but make it within you by a divine life. What if the Scribes and Pharisees sit in the seat of authority? Begin your kingdom of the divine life, and fast as you build it, difficulties will disappear; false men shall perish, and the true rise up. Set not for your standard the limit of old times, — for here is one greater than Jonah or Solomon, — but be perfect as God. Call no man master. Call none father, save the Infinite Spirit. Be one with him; think his thoughts; feel his feelings, and live his will. Fear not; I have overcome the world, and you shall do yet greater things; I and the Father will dwell with you forever. Thus he spoke the word which men had longed to hear spoken, and others had vainly essayed to utter. While the great and gifted asked in derision, Art thou greater than our father Jacob — multitudes of the poor in spirit heard him; their hearts throbbed with the mighty pulsations of his heart. They were swayed to and fro by his words, as an elm-branch waves in the summer wind. They said, this is one of the old Prophets, Moses, Elias, or even that greater Prophet, the "desire of all nations." They shouted with one voice,

He shall be our King; for human nature is always loyal at its heart, and never fails of allegiance, when it really sees a real hero of the Soul, in whose heroism of Holiness there is nothing sham. As the carnal pay a shallow worship to rich men, and conquering chiefs, and other heroes of the Flesh, so do men of the spirit revere a faithful Hero of the Soul, with whatever in them is deepest, truest, and most divine.

Before this man had seen five and thirty summers, he was put to death by such men as thought old things were new enough, and false things sufficiently true, and like owls and bats shriek fearfully when morning comes, because their day is the night, and their power, like the spectres of fable, vanishes as the cock-crowing ushers the morning in. Scarce had this divine youth begun to spread forth his brightness, men had seen but the twilight of his reason and inspiration, the full noon must have come at a later period of life, when experience and long contemplation had matured the divine gifts, never before nor since so prodigally bestowed, nor used so faithfully. But his doctrine was ripe, though he was young. The truth he received at first hand from God required no age to render it mature. So he perished. But, as the oak the woodman fells in Autumn on the mountain side scatters ripe acorns over many a rood, some falling perchance into the bosom of a stream, to be cast up on distant fertile shores, so his words sprung up a host of men; living men like himself, only feebler and of smaller stature. They were quickened by his words, electrified by his love, and enchanted by his divine life. He who has never seen the Sun can learn nothing of it from all our words; but he who has once looked thereon can never forget its burning brilliance. Thus these men, "who had been with Jesus," were lit up by him. His spirit passed into them, as the Sun into the air, with light and heat. They were possessed and overmastered by the new spirit they had drunken in. They cared only for truth and the welfare of their brother men. Pleasure and ease, the endearments of quiet life and the dalliance of home, were all but a bubble to them, as they sought the priceless pearls of a divine life. Their heart's best blood — what was it to these men? They poured it joyfully as festal wine was spent at the marriage in Cana

of Galilee; for, as their teacher's life had taught them to live, so had his death taught them to die to the body, that the soul might live greater and more. In their hearts burned a living consciousness of God; a living love of man. Thus they became rare men, such as the world but seldom sees. Some of them had all of woman's tenderness, and more than man's will and strength of endurance, which earth and hell cannot force from the right course. Thus they were fitted for all work. So the Damascus steel, we are told, has a temper so exquisite, it can trim a feather and cleave iron bars.

Forth to the world are sent these willing seedsmen of God; bearing in their bosom the Christianity of Christ, desiring to scatter this precious seed in every land of the wide world. The Priest, the Philosopher, the Poet, and the King, — all who had love for the past, or an interest in present delusions, — join forces to cast down and tread into dust these Jewish fishermen and tent-makers. They fetter the limbs; they murder the body; but the word of God is not bound, and the soul goes free. The seed, sown broadcast with faith and prayers, springs up and grows night and day, while men wake and while they sleep. Well it might, beneath the hot sun of persecution, and moistened by the dew that martyrs shed. The mailed Roman, hard as iron from his hundred battles, saw the heroism of Christian flesh, and beginning to worship that, saw with changed heart, the heroism of the Christian soul; the spear dropped from his hand, and the man, newborn, prayed greater and stronger than before. Hard-hearted Roman men, and barbarians from the fabulous Hydaspis, stood round in the Forum, while some Christian was burned with many tortures for his faith. They saw his gentle meekness, far stronger than the insatiate steel or flame, that never says enough. They whispered to one another — those hard-hearted men — in the rude speech of common life, more persuasive than eloquence, That young man has a dependent and feeble father, a wife, and a little babe, newly born, but a day old. He leaves them all to uncertain trouble, worse perhaps than his own, yet neither the love of young and blissful life, nor the care of parent, and wife, and child can make him swerve an inch from the truth. Is there not God in this? And so when the winds

scattered wide the eloquent ashes of the uncomplaining victim to regal or priestly pride, the symbolical dust, which Moses cast towards Heaven, was less prolific and less powerful than his.

So the world went for two ages. But in less than three centuries the faith of that lowly youth, and so untimely slain, proclaimed by the fearless voice of those trusting apostles, written in the blood of their hearts, and illuminated by the divine life they lived — this faith goes from its low beginning on the Galilean lake, through Jerusalem, Ephesus, Antioch, Corinth, and Alexandria; ascends the throne of the Cæsars, and great men, and temples, and towers, and rich cities, and broad kingdoms lie at its feet. What wrought this wondrous change so suddenly; in the midst of such deadly peril; against such fearful odds? We are sometimes told it was because that divine youth had an unusual entrance into life; because he cured a few sick men, or fed many hungry men, by unwonted means. Believe it you who may, it matters not. Was it not rather because his doctrine was felt to be true, real, divine, satisfying to the soul; proclaimed by real men, true men, who felt what they said, and lived what they felt? Man was told there was a God still alive, and that God a Father; that man had lost none of that high nature which shone in Moses, Solomon, or Isaiah, or Theseus, or Solon, but was still capable of Virtue, Thought, Religion, to a degree, those sages not only never realized, but never dreamed of. He was told there were Laws for his nature, — laws to be kept: Duties for his nature, — duties to be done: Rights for his nature, — rights to be enjoyed: Hopes for his nature, — hopes to be realized, and more than realized, as man goes forward to his destiny, with perpetual increase of stature. It needs no miracle but a man to spread such doctrines. You shall as soon stay Niagara with a straw; or hold in the swelling surges of an Atlantic storm, with the "spider's most attenuated thread," as prevent the progress of God's truth, with all the Kings, Poets, Priests, and Philosophers, the world has ever seen; and for this plain reason, that Truth and God are on the same side. Well said the ancient, "Above all things Truth beareth away the victory."

Such was the nature, such the origin of the CHRISTIAN-

ITY OF CHRIST; the true ideal of a divine life; such its history for three hundred years. It is true that, soon as it was organized into a church, there were divisions therein, and fierce controversies, Paul withstanding fickle Peter to the face. It is true, hirelings came from time to time to live upon the flock; indolent men wished to place their arm-chair in the church and sleep undisturbed; ambitious men sought whom they might devour. But in spite of all this, there was still a real religious life. Christianity was something men felt, and felt at home, and in the market-place, by fire-side and field-side, no less than in the temple. It was something they would make sacrifice for, leaving father and mother and child and wife, if needful; something they would die for, thanking God they were accounted worthy of so great an end. Still more it was something they lived every day; their religion and their life were the same.

Such was Christianity as it was made real in the lives of the early Christians. But now, the CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHURCH, by which is meant that somewhat which is taught in our religious books, and preached in our pulpits, is a thing quite different, nay, almost opposite. It often fetters and enslaves men. It tells them they must assent to all the doctrines and stories of the Old Testament, and to all the doctrines and stories of the New Testament; that they must ascribe a particular and well-defined character to God; must believe as they are bid respecting Christ and the Bible, or they cannot be saved. If they disbelieve, then is the anathema uttered against them; true, the anathema is but mouthfuls of spoken wind; yet still it is uttered as though it could crush and kill. The church insists less on the divine life, than on the doctrines a man believes. It measures a man's religion by his creed, and calls him a Heathen or a Christian, as that creed is short or long. Now in the Christianity of Christ, there is no creed essential, unless it be that lofty desire to become perfect as God; no form essential, but love to man and love to God. In a word, a divine life on the earth is the all in all with the Christianity of Christ. This and this only was the Kingdom of God, and eternal life. Now the church, as keeper of God's Kingdom, bids you assent to arbitrary creeds of its own device, and bow the knee to

its forms. Thus the Christianity of the Church, as it is set forth at this day, insults the soul, and must belittle a man before it can bless him. The church is too small for the soul; "the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Some writer tells us of a statue of Olympian Jove, majestic and awful in its exquisite beauty, but seated under a roof so low, and within walls so narrow, that should the statue rise to its feet, and spread the arms, it must demolish its temple, roof and wall. Thus sits Man in the Christian church at this day. Let him think in what image he is made; let him feel his immortal nature, and rising, take a single step towards the divine life — then where is the church?

The range of subjects the church deigns to treat of is quite narrow; its doctrines abstract; and thus Christianity is made a letter and not a life; an occasional affair of the understanding, not the daily business of the heart. The ideal now held up to the public, as the highest word ever spoken to man, is not the ideal of Christ, the measure of a perfect man, not even the ideal of the Apostles and early Christians. Anointed teachers confess without shame, that Goodness is better than Christianity. True alas, it is better in degree, yes different in kind from the Christianity of the church. Hence in our pulpits, we hear but little of the great doctrines of Jesus; the worth of the soul; the value of the present moment; the brotherhood of all men, and their equality before God; the necessity of obeying that perfect law God has written on the soul; the consequences which follow necessarily from disobeying; consequences which even Omnipotence cannot remove; and the blessed results for now and forever, that arise from obedience, and the all importance of a divine life. The power of the soul to receive the Holy Ghost; the divine might of a regenerate man; the presence of God and Christ *now* in faithful hearts; the inspiration of good men; the Kingdom of God on the Earth — these form not the substance of the church's preaching. Still less are they applied to life, and the duties which come of them shown and enforced. The church is quick to discover and denounce the smallest deviation from the belief of dark ages, and to condemn vices no longer popular; it

is conveniently blind to the great fictions which lie at the foundation of Church and State; sees not the rents, daily yawning more wide, in the bowing walls of old institutions; and never dreams of those causes, which, like the drugs of the Prophet in the fable, are rending asunder the Idol of Brass and Clay men have set up to worship. So the mole, it has been said, within the tithe of an inch its vision extends over, is keener of insight than the lynx or the eagle; but to all beyond that narrow range is stone blind.

Alas, what men call Christianity, and adore as the best thing they see, has been degraded; so that if men should be all that the pulpit commonly demands of them, they would by no means be Christians. To such a pass have matters reached, that if Paul should come upon the Earth now, as of old, it is quite doubtful that he could be admitted to the Christian church; for though Felix thought much knowledge had made the Apostle mad, yet Paul ventured no opinion on points respecting the nature of God, and the history of Christ, where our pulpits utter dogmatic and arbitrary decisions, condemning as infidels and accursed all such as disagree therewith, be their life never so godly. These things are notorious. Still more, it may be set down as quite certain, that if Jesus could return from the other world, and bring to New England that same boldness of inquiry, which he brought to Judea; that same love of living truth, and scorn of dead letters; could he speak as he then spoke, and live again as he lived before, he also would be called an infidel by the church; be abused in our newspapers, for such is our wont, and only not stoned in the streets, because that is not our way of treating such men as tell us the truth.

Such is the Christianity of the church in our times. It does not look *forward* but *backward*. It does not ask truth at first hand from God; seeks not to lead men directly to Him, through the divine life, but only to make them walk in the old paths trodden by some good pious Jews, who, were they to come back to earth, could as little understand our circumstances as we theirs. The church expresses more concern that men should walk in these peculiar paths, than that they should reach the goal. Thus the means are made the end. It enslaves men to the Bible; makes it the soul's master, not its servant; forgetting

that the Bible, like the Sabbath, was made for man, not man for the Bible. It makes man the less and the Bible the greater. The Saviour said, Search the Scriptures; the Apostle recommended them as profitable reading; the church says, Believe the Scriptures, if not with the consent of reason and conscience, why without that consent or against it. It rejects all attempts to humanize the Bible, and separate its fictions from its facts; and would fain wash its hands in the heart's blood of those, who strip the robe of human art, ignorance, or folly, from the celestial form of divine Truth. It trusts the imperfect Scripture of the Word, more than the Word itself, writ by God's finger on the living heart. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," says the Apostle. But where the spirit of the church is, there is slavery. It would make all men think the same thoughts; feel the same feelings; worship by the same form.

The church itself worships not God, who is all in all, but Jesus, a man born of woman. Grave teachers, in defiance of his injunction, bid us pray to Christ. It supposes the Soul of all our souls cannot hear, or will not accept a prayer, unless offered formally in the church's phrase, forgetting that we also are men, and God takes care of oxen and sparrows, and hears the young ravens when they cry, though they pray not in any form or phrase. Still, called by whatever name, called by an idol's name, the true God hears the living prayer. And yet perhaps the best feature of Christianity, as it is now preached, is its idolatrous worship of Christ. Jesus was the brother of all. He had more in common with all men, than they have with one another. But he, the brother of all, has been made to appear as the master of all; to speak with an authority greater than that of Reason, Conscience, and Faith;—an office his sublime and Godlike spirit would revolt at. But yet, since he lived divine on the earth, and was a hero of the soul, and the noblest and largest hero the world has ever seen, perhaps the idolatry that is paid him is the nearest approach to true worship, which the mass of men can readily make in these days. Reverence for heroes has its place in history; and though worship of the greatest soul ever swathed in the flesh, however much he is idealized and represented as incapable of sin, is

without measure below the worship of the ineffable God; still it is the purest and best of our many idolatries in the nineteenth century. Practically speaking, its worst feature is, that it mars and destroys the highest ideal of man, and makes us beings of very small discourse, that look only backward.

The influence of real Christianity is to disenthral the man; to restore him to his nature, until he obeys Conscience, Reason, and Religion, and is made free by that obedience. It gives him the largest liberty of the Sons of God, so that as faith in truth, becomes deeper, the man is greater and more divine. But now those pious souls who accept the church's Christianity are, in the main, crushed and degraded by their faith. They dwindle daily in the church's keeping. Their worship is not faith, but fear; and bondage is written legibly on their forehead, like the mark set upon Cain. They resemble the dwarfed creed they accept. Their mind is encrusted with unintelligible dogmas. They fear to love man, lest they offend God. Artificial in their anxiety, and morbid in their self-examination, their life is sickly and wretched. Conscience cannot speak its mother tongue to them; Reason does not utter its oracles; nor Love cast out fear. Alas, the church speaks not to the hearty and the strong; and the little and the weak who accept its doctrines become weaker and less thereby. Thus woman's holier heart is often abased and defiled, and the deep-thoughted and true of soul forsake the church, as righteous Lot, guided by an angel, fled out of Sodom. There will always be wicked men who scorn a pure church, and perhaps great men too high to need its instructions. But what shall we say when the church as it is impoverishes those it was designed to enrich, and debilitates so often the trusting souls that seek shelter in its arms?

Alas for us, we see the Christianity of the Church is a very poor thing; a very little better than Heathenism. It takes God out of the world of nature and of man, and hides him in the church. Nay, it does worse; it limits God, who possesseth heaven and earth, and is from everlasting to everlasting, restricting his influence and inspiration to a little corner of the world, and a few centuries of history, dark and uncertain. Even in this narrow range,

it makes a deity like itself, and gives us not God, but Jehovah. It takes the living Christ out of the heart, and transfigures him in the clouds, till he becomes an anomalous being, not God, and not man; but a creature, whose holiness is not the divine image, he has sculptured for himself out of the rock of life, but something placed over him, entirely by God's hand, and without his own effort. It has taken away our Lord, and left us a being whom we know not; severed from us by his prodigious birth, and his alleged relation to God, such as none can share. What have we in common with such an one, raised above all chance of error, all possibility of sin, and still more surrounded by God at each moment, as no other man has been? It has transferred him to the clouds. It makes Christianity a Belief, not a Life. It takes Religion out of the world, and shuts it up in old books, whence, from time to time, on Sabbaths and fast-days and feast-days — it seeks to evoke the divine spirit, as the witch of Endor is fabled to have called up Samuel from the dead. It tells you with grave countenance, to believe every word spoken by the Apostles, — weak, Jewish, fallible, prejudiced, mistaken as they sometimes were — for this reason, because forsooth Peter's shadow, and Paul's pocket-handkerchief cured the lame and the blind. It never tells you, Be faithful to the spirit God has given; open your soul and you also shall be inspired, beyond Peter and Paul it may be, for great though they were, they saw not all things and have not absorbed the Godhead. No doubt the Christian church has been the ark of the world; no doubt some individual churches are now free from these disgraces; still the picture is true as a whole.

Alas, it is true that men are profited by such pitiful teachings; for the church is above the community, and the CHRISTIANITY OF SOCIETY is far below that of the church; even in *that* deep there is a lower deep. This is a hard saying no doubt. But let us look the facts in the face, and see how matters are. It is written in traveller's journals and taught in our school-books, that the Americans are Christians! It is said in courts of justice that Christianity is part of the law of the land. With the innocent meaning, it is likely, that the Law of the Land is part of Christianity. But what proofs have we that the men of

New England are Christians? We point to our churches. Lovely emblems they are of devotion. In city and village, by road-side and stream-side, they point meekly their taper finger to the sky, the enchanting symbol of Christian aspiration and a Christian life. Through all our land of hill and valley, of springs and brooks, they stand, and most beautiful do they make it, catching the earliest beam of day, and burning in the last flickering rays of the long-lingering sun. Sweet too is the breath of the Sabbath bell; dear to the hearts of New England; it floats undulating on the tranquil air, like a mother's brooding note calling her children to their home. We mention our Bibles and religious books, found in the houses of the rich, and read with blissful welcome beside the hearth-stone of the poor. We point to our learned clergy, the appointed defenders of the letter of Christianity. All this proves nothing. The Apostles could point to no long series of learned scribes; only to a few rough fishermen in sheep-skins and goat-skins. They had no multitude of Bibles and religious books, for they cast behind them the Old Testament, as a law of sin and death, and the New Testament was not then written, save in the heart; they had no piles of marble and mortar; no silvery and sweet-noted bell to rouse for them the slumbering morn. Yet were those men Christians. They did not gather of a Lord's-day, in costly temples, to keep an old form, or kill the long-delaying hours; — but in small upper rooms; on the sea-shore; beneath a tree; in caves of the desert mountains; or the tombs of dead men in cities, met those noble hearts, to worship God at first hand, and exhort one another to a manly life, and a martyr's death, if need were.

We see indeed an advance in our people above all ancient time; we fondly say, the mantle of a more liberal culture is thrown over us all. The improved state of society brings many a blessing in its train. The arts diffuse comfort; industry and foresight afford us, in general, a competence; schools and the printing-press, which works indefatigable with its iron hand, day and night, spread knowledge wide. Our hospitals, our asylums, and churches for the poor give some signs of a Christian spirit. Crimes against man's person are less frequent than of old, and the legal punishments less frightful and severe. The rich do

not ride rough-shodden over the poor. These things prove that the age has advanced somewhat. They do not prove that the spirit of Religion, of Christianity, of Love, the spirit of Christ, of God, are present among us and active; for enlightened prudence, the most selfish of selfishness would lead to the same results; and who has the hardihood to look facts in the face, and call our society spiritual and Christian? The social spirit of Christianity demands that the strong assist the weak.

We appeal as proofs of our Christianity to our attempts at improving ruder tribes, to our Bibles and Missionaries, sent with much self-denial and sacrifice to savage races. Admitting the nobleness of the design, granting the Christian Spirit is shown in these enterprises, — for this at least must be allowed, and all heathen antiquity is vainly challenged for a similar case, — there is still a most melancholy reverse to this flattering picture. Where shall we find a savage nation on the wide world that has, on the whole, been blessed by its intercourse with Christians? Where one that has not most manifestly been polluted and cursed by the Christian foot? Let this question be asked from Siberia to Patagonia, from the ninth century to the nineteenth; let it be put to the nations we defraud of their spices and their furs, leaving them in return our Religion and our Sin; let it be asked of the Red-man, whose bones we have broken to fragments, and trodden into bloody mire on the very spot where his mother bore him; let it be asked of the Black-man, torn by our cupidity from his native soil, whose sweat, exacted by Christian stripes, fattens our fields of cotton and corn, and brims the wine-cup of national wealth; whose chained hands are held vainly up as his spirit strives to God, with great, overmastering prayers for vengeance, and seem to clutch at the volleyed thunders of just, but terrible retribution, pendent over our heads. Let it be asked of all these, and who dares stay to hear the reply, and learn what report of our Christianity goes up to God?

We need not compare ourselves with our fathers, and say we are more truly religious than they were. Shame on us if we are not. Shame on us if we are always to be babes in religion, and whipped reluctant into decent goodness by fear, never growing up to spiritual manhood.

Admitting we are a more Christian people than our fathers, let us measure ourselves with the absolute standard. What is religion amongst us? Is it the sentiment of the Infinite penetrating us with such depth of power, that we would, if need were, leave father and mother and child and wife, to dwell in friendless solitudes, so that we might worship God in peace? O no, we were very fools to make such a sacrifice, when called on for the sake of such a religion as that commonly preached, commonly accepted and lived. It is not worth that cost; so mean and degraded is religion among us. Religion does not possess us as the sun possesses the violets, giving them warmth, and fragrance, and color, and beauty. It does not lead to a divine character. One would fancy the bans of wedlock were forbidden between Christianity and Life, also, as we are significantly told, they have been between Religion and Philosophy; so that the feeling and the thought, like sterile monks and nuns, never approach to clasp hands, but dwell joyless, each in a several cell. Religion has become chiefly, and with the well clad mass of men, a matter of convention, and they write Christian with their name as they write "Mr.," because it is respectable; their fathers did so before them. Thus to be Christian comes to nothing, it is true, but it costs nothing, and is fairly worth what it costs.

Religion should be "a thousand-voiced psalm," from the heart of man to man's God, who is the original of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, and is revealed in all that is good, true, and beautiful. But religion is amongst us, in general, but a compliance with custom; a prudential calculation; a matter of expediency; whereby men hope, through giving up a few dollars in the shape of pew-tax, and a little time in the form of church-going, to gain the treasures of heaven and eternal life. Thus Religion has become Profit; not Reverence of the Highest, but vulgar hope and vulgar fear; a working for wages, to be estimated by the rules of loss and gain. Men love religion as the mercenary worldling his well-endowed wife; not for herself, but for what she brings. They think religion is useful to the old, the sick, and the poor, to charm them with a comfortable delusion through the cloudy land of this earthly life; they wish themselves to keep some running

account therewith, against the day, when they also shall be old, and sick, and poor. Christianity has two modes of action, direct on the heart and life of a man, and indirect through conventions, institutions, and other machinery, and in our time the last is almost its sole influence. Hence men reckon Christianity as valuable to keep men in order; it would have been good policy for a shrewd man to have invented it on speculation, like other contrivances, for the utility of the thing. In their eyes the church, especially the church for the poor, is necessary as the Court-house or the Jail; the minister is a well-educated Sabbath-day constable; and both are parts of the great property establishment of the times. They value religion, not because it is true and divine, but because it serves a purpose. They deem it needful as the poll-tax, or the militia system, a national bank, or a sub-treasury. They value it among other commodities; they might give it a place in their inventories of stock, and hope of Heaven, or faith in Christ, might be summed up in the same column with money at one per cent.

The problem of men is not first the Kingdom of God, that is a perfect life on the earth, lived for its own sake, but first all other things, and then, if the Kingdom of God come of itself, or is thrown in to the bargain, like packthread and paper with a parcel of goods, why very well; they are glad of it. It keeps "all other things" from soiling. Does religion take hold of the heart of us? Here and there, among rich men and poor men, especially among women, you shall find a few really religious, whose life is a prayer; and Christianity their daily breath. They would have been religious had they been cradled among cannibals, and before the flood. They are divine men; of whom the spirit of God seems to take early hold, and Reason and Religion to weave up, by celestial instinct, the warp and woof of their daily life. Judge not the age by its religious geniuses. The mass of men care little for Christianity; were it not so, the sins of the forum and the market-place, committed in a single month, would make the land rock to its centre. Men think of religion at church, on the Sabbath; they make sacrifices, often great sacrifices, to support public worship, and attend it most sedulously, these men and women. But here the matter

ends. Religion does not come into their soul; does not show itself in their housekeeping and trading. It does not shine out of the windows of morning and evening, and speak to them at every turn. How many young men in the thousand say thus to themselves, Of this will I make sure, a Christian Character and Divine Life, all other things be as God sends? How many ever set their hearts on any moral and religious object, on achieving a perfect character, for example, with a fraction of the interest they take in the next election? Nay, woman also must share the same condemnation. Though into her rich heart God more generously sows the divine germs of Religion; though this is her strength, her loveliness, her primal excellence, yet she also has sold her birthright for tinsel ornaments, and the admiration of deceitful lips. Men think of religion when they are sick, old, in trouble, or about to die, for getting that it is a crown of life at all times; man's choicest privilege; his highest possession; the chain that sweetly links him to Heaven. If good for anything, it is good to live by. It is a small thing to die religiously; a devil could do that; but to live divine is man's work.

Since Religion is thus regarded, or disregarded by men, we find that talent and genius, getting insight of this, float off to the market, the workshop, the senate, the farmer's field, or the court-house, and bring home with honor the fleece of gold. Meanwhile, anointed dulness, arrayed in canonicals, his lesson duly conned, presses, semi-somnous, the consecrated cushions of the pulpit, and pours forth weekly his impotent drone, to be blest with bland praises, so long as he disturbs not respectable iniquity slumbering in his pew, nor touches an actual sin of the times, nor treads an inch beyond the beaten path of the church. Well is it for the safety of the actual church, that genius and talent forsake its rotten walls, to build up elsewhere the church of the first-born, and pray largely and like men — Thy kingdom come. There is a concealed skepticism amongst us, all the more deadly because concealed. It is not a denial of God, — though this it is whispered to our ear is not rare, — for men have opened their eyes too broadly not to notice the fact of God, everywhere apparent, without and within; still less is it disbelief of the Scriptures; there has always been too much

belief in their letter, though far too little living of their Truths. But there is a doubt of man's moral and religious nature; a doubt if Righteousness be so super-excellent. We distrust Goodness and Religion, as the blind doubt if the sun be so fine as men tell of; or as the deaf might jeer at the extatic raptures of a musician. Who among men trusts conscience as he trusts his eye or ear? With them the Highest in man is self-interest. When they come to outside goodness, therefore, they are driven by fear of hell, as by a scorpion whip; or bribed by the distant pleasures of Heaven. Accordingly, if they embrace Christianity, they make Jesus, who is the archetype of a divine life, not a man like his brothers, who had human appetites and passions; was tempted in the flesh; was cold, and hungry, and faint, and tired, and sleepy, and dull — each in its season — and who needed to work out his own salvation, as we also must do. But they make him an unnatural character; passionless; amphibious; not man and not God; whose Holiness was poured on him from some celestial urn, and so was in no sense his own work, and who, therefore, can be no example for us, goaded as we are by appetite, and bearing the ark of our destiny in our own hands. It is not the essential element of Christianity, *love to man and love to God*, men commonly gather from the New Testament; but some perplexing dogma, or some oriental dream. How few religious men can you find, whom Christianity takes by the hand, and leads through the Saharas and Siberias of the world; men whose lives are noble, who can speak of Christianity as of their trading, and marrying, out of their own experience, because they have lived it? There is enough cant of Religion, creeds written on sanctimonious faces, as signs of that emptiness of heart, "which passeth show," but how little real Religion, that comes home to men's heart and life, let experience decide.

Yet, if he would, man cannot live all to this world. If not religious, he will be superstitious. If he worship not the true God, he will have his idols. The web of our mortal life, with its warp of destiny and its woof of free will, is most strangely woven up, by the flying shuttles of time, which rest not, wake we or sleep; but through this wondrous tissue of the perishing, there runs the gold

thread of eternity, and like the net Peter saw in his vision, full of strange beasts and creeping things, this web is at last seen to be caught up to heaven by its four corners, and its common things become no longer unclean. We cannot always be false to Religion. It is the deepest want of man. Satisfy all others, we soon learn, that we cannot live by bread only, for as an ancient has said, "it is not the growing of fruits that nourisheth man, but thy Word, which preserveth them that put their trust in thee." Without the divine life we are portionless, bereft of strength, without the living consciousness of God, we are orphans, left to the bleakness of the world.

But our paper must end. The Christianity of the Church is a very poor thing; it is not bread, and it is not drink. The Christianity of Society is still worse; it is bitter in the mouth and poison in the blood. Still men are hungering and thirsting, though not always knowingly, after the true bread of life. Why shall we perish with hunger? In our Father's house is enough and to spare. The Christianity of Christ is high and noble as ever. The Religion of Reason, of the Soul, the Word of God, is still strong and flame-like, as when first it dwelt in Jesus, the chiefest incarnation of God, and now the pattern-man. Age has not dimmed the lustre of this light that lighteneth all, though they cover their eyes in obstinate perversity, and turn away their faces from this great sight. Man has lost none of his God-likeness. He is still the child of God, and the Father is near to us as to him who dwelt in his bosom. Conscience has not left us. Faith and Hope still abide; and Love never fails. The Comforter is with us; and though the man Jesus no longer blesses the earth, the ideal Christ, formed in the heart, is with us to the end of the world. Let us then build on these. Use good words when we can find them, in the church, or out of it. Learn to pray, to pray greatly and strong; learn to reverence what is Highest; above all learn to live; to make Religion daily work, and Christianity our common life. All days shall then be the Lord's-day; our homes, the house of God, and our labor, the ritual of religion. Then we shall not glory in men, for all things shall be ours; we shall not be impoverished by success, but enriched by affliction. Our service shall be worship, not idolatry.

The burthens of the Bible shall not overlay and crush us; its wisdom shall make us strong, and its piety enchant us. Paul and Jesus shall not be our masters, but elder brothers, who open the pearly gate of Truth and cheer us on, leading us to the Tree of Life. We shall find the Kingdom of Heaven and enjoy it now, not waiting till Death ferries us over to the other world. We shall then repose beside the rock of ages, smitten by divine hands, and drink the pure water of life as it flows from the Eternal, to make earth green and glad. We shall serve no longer a bond-slave to tradition, in the leprous host of sin, but become free men, by the Law and Spirit of Life. Thus like Paul shall we serve the Christ within; and like Jesus serving and knowing God directly, with no mediator intervening, become one with Him. Is not this worth a man's wish; worth his prayers; worth his work, to seek the living Christianity; the Christianity of Christ? Not having this, we seem but bubbles, — bubbles on an ocean, shoreless and without bottom; bubbles that sparkle a moment in the sun of life, then burst to be no more. But with it we are men, immortal Souls, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.

Parker.

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## WAYFARERS.

How they go by — those strange and dreamlike men!
One glance on each, one gleam from out each eye,
And that I never looked upon till now,
Has vanished out of sight as instantly.

Yet in it passed there a whole heart and life,
The only key it gave that transient look;
But for this key its great event in time
Of peace or strife to me a sealed book.

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## FROM GOETHE.

If at a master's work I look,
What has been done with joy I see;
But if I read in mine own book,
I see what should have been done by me.

## PÆAN.

Sing songs of joy by the foaming tide,
Beings of beauty who sit on the shore!
Let the sweeping winds and the waves that glide,
Bear your sweet notes the wide world o'er.
Stag and fawn through the forest bound;
Children are laughing with merry sound;
Sunlight is flashing all around;
Lovers are sitting holy and still;
The old man wanders at his will;
Gold! Gold! is all I can say,
For all is golden on this happy day.

The rushing river is molten gold,
The wealth of the trees could ne'er be told,
The bank is framed of golden ore,
A hundred golden-rods wave on the shore,
The laugh of the children, the lover's glance,
The motes, that mid the sunbeams dance,
The songs of the birds and their eyes of joy,
All are of gold without alloy.
E'en the old man's thoughts like butterfly's wings
Are woven of gold, and he too sings,
"Joy! oh joy for this golden day,
I know it shall never pass away!"

Z.

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## LYRIC.

The stars coldly glimmer —
And I am alone.
The pale moon grows dimmer,
And now it has gone.
Loud shrieks the owl, night presses round,
The little flowers lie low on the ground
And sadly moan.

Why is the earth so sad?
Why doth she weep?
Methinks she should be glad
Calmly to sleep.
But the dews are falling, heavy and fast,
Sadly sighs the cold night-blast,
Loud roars the deep.

I press my hands upon my heart, —
'T is very cold!
And swiftly through the forest dart
With footsteps bold.
What shall I seek? Where shall I go?
Earth and ocean shudder with woe!
Their tale is untold!

Z.

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## TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.

### A PARABLE OF PAUL.

One day Abdiel found Paul at Tarsus, after his Damascus journey, sitting meek and thoughtful at the door of his house; his favorite books, and the instruments of his craft, lying neglected beside him. "Strange tidings I hear of you," said the sleek Rabbi. "You also have become a follower of the Nazarene! What course shall you pursue after your precious conversion?" "I shall go and preach the Gospel to all nations," said the new convert, gently. "I shall set off to-morrow."

The Rabbi, who felt a sour interest in Paul, looked at him with affected incredulity and asked, "Do you know the sacrifice you make? You must leave father and friends; the society of the Great and the Wise. You will fare hard and encounter peril. You will be impoverished; called hard names; persecuted; scourged, perhaps put to death." "None of these things move me," said Paul. "I have counted the cost. I value not life the half so much as keeping God's Law, and proclaiming the truth, though all men forbid. I shall walk by God's light, and fear not. I am no longer a slave to the old Law of sin and death, but a free man of God, made free by the Law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus." "Here," rejoined the Rabbi, "you have ease, and fame; in your new work you must meet toil, infamy, and death." "The voice of God says Go," exclaimed the Apostle, with firmness, "I am ready to spend and be spent in the cause of Truth."

"Die then," roared the Rabbi, "like a Nazarene fool, and unbelieving Atheist, as thou art. He that lusts after

new things, preferring his silly convictions, and that whim of a conscience, to solid ease, and the advice of his friends, deserves the cross. Die in thy folly. Henceforth I disclaim thee. Call me kinsman no more!"

Years passed over; the word of God grew and prevailed. One day it was whispered at Tarsus, and ran swiftly from mouth to mouth, in the market-place, "Paul, the apostate, lies in chains at Rome, daily expecting the Lions. His next trouble will be his last." And Abdiel said to his sacerdotal crones in the synagogue, "I knew it would come to this. How much better have kept to his trade, and the old ways of his fathers and the prophets, not heeding that whim of a conscience. He might have lived respectably, to an easy old-age, at Tarsus, the father of sons and daughters. Men might have called him RABBI in the streets."

Thus went it at Tarsus. But meantime, in his dungeon at Rome, Paul sat comforted. The Lord stood by him in a vision and said, "Fear not Paul. Thou hast fought the good fight. Lo I am with thee to the end of the world." The tranquil old man replied, "I know whom I have served, and am thoroughly persuaded God will keep what I have committed to him. I have not the spirit of fear, but of love, and a sound mind. I shall finish my course with joy, for I see the crown of Righteousness laid up for me, and now my salvation is more perfect, and my hope is higher, than when first I believed."

Then in his heart spoke that voice, which had spoken before on the mount of Transfiguration; "Thou also art my beloved Son. In thee am I well pleased."

P.

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## WAVES.

WITH never-ending steps along the beach,
Evermore washed by the sad-swelling sea,
I wandered — Ocean waves what would ye reach?
Waves of my soul, what do ye seek for me?

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On the surface by the waves thou shalt be tossed from side to side;
Go down into the depths and with the current calmly glide.

## NEW POETRY.

The tendencies of the times are so democratical, that we shall soon have not so much as a pulpit or raised platform in any church or townhouse, but each person, who is moved to address any public assembly, will speak from the floor. The like revolution in literature is now giving importance to the portfolio over the book. Only one man in the thousand may print a book, but one in ten or one in five may inscribe his thoughts, or at least with short commentary his favorite readings in a private journal. The philosophy of the day has long since broached a more liberal doctrine of the poetic faculty than our fathers held, and reckons poetry the right and power of every man to whose culture justice is done. We own that, though we were trained in a stricter school of literary faith, and were in all our youth inclined to the enforcement of the straitest restrictions on the admission of candidates to the Parnassian fraternity, and denied the name of poetry to every composition in which the workmanship and the material were not equally excellent, in our middle age we have grown lax, and have learned to find pleasure in verses of a ruder strain, — to enjoy *verses of society*, or those effusions which in persons of a happy nature are the easy and unpremeditated translation of their thoughts and feelings into rhyme. This new taste for a certain private and household poetry, for somewhat less pretending than the festal and solemn verses which are written for the nations, really indicates, we suppose, that a new style of poetry exists. The number of writers has increased. Every child has been taught the tongues. The universal communication of the arts of reading and writing has brought the works of the great poets into every house, and made all ears familiar with the poetic forms. The progress of popular institutions has favored self-respect, and broken down that terror of the great, which once imposed awe and hesitation on the talent of the masses of society. A wider epistolary intercourse ministers to the ends of sentiment and reflection than ever existed before; the practice of writing diaries is becoming almost general; and every day witnesses new attempts to throw into verse the experiences of private life.

What better omen of true progress can we ask than an increasing intellectual and moral interest of men in each other? What can be better for the republic than that the Capitol, the White House, and the Court House are becoming of less importance than the farm-house and the book-closet? If we are losing our interest in public men, and finding that their spell lay in number and size only, and acquiring instead a taste for the depths of thought and emotion, as they may be sounded in the soul of the citizen or the countryman, does it not replace man for the state, and character for official power? Men should be treated with solemnity; and when they come to chant their private griefs and doubts and joys, they have a new scale by which to compute magnitude and relation. Art is the noblest consolation of calamity. The poet is compensated for his defects in the street and in society, if in his chamber he has turned his mischance into noble numbers.

Is there not room then for a new department in poetry, namely, *Verses of the Portfolio*? We have fancied that we drew greater pleasure from some manuscript verses than from printed ones of equal talent. For there was herein the charm of character; they were confessions; and the faults, the imperfect parts, the fragmentary verses, the halting rhymes, had a worth beyond that of a high finish; for they testified that the writer was more man than artist, more earnest than vain; that the thought was too sweet and sacred to him, than that he should suffer his ears to hear or his eyes to see a superficial defect in the expression.

The characteristic of such verses is, that being not written for publication, they lack that finish which the conventions of literature require of authors. But if poetry of this kind has merit, we conceive that the prescription which demands a rhythmical polish may be easily set aside; and when a writer has outgrown the state of thought which produced the poem, the interest of letters is served by publishing it imperfect, as we preserve studies, torsos, and blocked statues of the great masters. For though we should be loath to see the wholesome conventions, to which we have alluded, broken down by a general incontinence of publication, and every man's and woman's diary flying into the bookstores, yet it is to be considered, on the other

hand, that men of genius are often more incapable than others of that elaborate execution which criticism exacts. Men of genius in general are, more than others, incapable of any perfect exhibition, because, however agreeable it may be to them to act on the public, it is always a secondary aim. They are humble, self-accusing, moody men, whose worship is toward the Ideal Beauty, which chooses to be courted not so often in perfect hymns, as in wild ear-piercing ejaculations, or in silent musings. Their face is forward, and their heart is in this heaven. By so much are they disqualified for a perfect success in any particular performance to which they can give only a divided affection. But the man of talents has every advantage in the competition. He can give that cool and commanding attention to the thing to be done, that shall secure its just performance. Yet are the failures of genius better than the victories of talent; and we are sure that some crude manuscript poems have yielded us a more sustaining and a more stimulating diet, than many elaborated and classic productions.

We have been led to these thoughts by reading some verses, which were lately put into our hands by a friend with the remark, that they were the production of a youth, who had long passed out of the mood in which he wrote them, so that they had become quite dead to him. Our first feeling on reading them was a lively joy. So then the Muse is neither dead nor dumb, but has found a voice in these cold Cisatlantic States. Here is poetry which asks no aid of magnitude or number, of blood or crime, but finds theatre enough in the first field or brookside, breadth and depth enough in the flow of its own thought. Here is self-repose, which to our mind is stabler than the Pyramids; here is self-respect which leads a man to date from his heart more proudly than from Rome. Here is love which sees through surface, and adores the gentle nature and not the costume. Here is religion, which is not of the Church of England, nor of the Church of Boston. Here is the good wise heart, which sees that the end of culture is strength and cheerfulness. In an age too which tends with so strong an inclination to the philosophical muse, here is poetry more purely intellectual than any American verses we have yet seen, distinguished from all competi-

tion by two merits; the fineness of perception; and the poet's trust in his own genius to that degree, that there is an absence of all conventional imagery, and a bold use of that which the moment's mood had made sacred to him, quite careless that it might be sacred to no other, and might even be slightly ludicrous to the first reader.

We proceed to give our readers some selections, taken without much order from this rich pile of manuscript. We first find the poet in his boat.

BOAT-SONG.

THE RIVER calmly flows,
Through shining banks, through lonely glen,
Where the owl shrieks, though ne'er the cheer of men
Has stirred its mute repose,
Still if you should walk there, you would go there again.

The stream is well alive:
Another passive world you see,
Where downward grows the form of every tree;
Like soft light clouds they thrive:
Like them let us in our pure loves reflected be.

A yellow gleam is thrown
Into the secrets of that maze
Of tangled trees, which late shut out our gaze,
Refusing to be known;
It must its privacy unclose, — its glories blaze.

Sweet falls the summer air
Over her frame who sails with me:
Her way like that is beautifully free,
Her nature far more rare,
And is her constant heart of virgin purity.

A quivering star is seen
Keeping his watch above the hill,
Though from the sun's retreat small light is still
Poured on earth's saddening mien: —
We all are tranquilly obeying Evening's will.

Thus ever love the POWER;
To simplest thoughts dispose the mind;
In each obscure event a worship find
Like that of this dim hour, —
In lights, and airs, and trees, and in all human kind.

We smoothly glide below
The faintly glimmering worlds of light:
Day has a charm, and this deceptive night
Brings a mysterious show; —
He shadows our dear earth, — but his cool stars are white.

Is there any boat-song like this? any in which the harmony proceeds so manifestly from the poet's mind, giving to nature more than it receives? In the following stanzas the writer betrays a certain habitual worship of genius, which characterizes many pieces in the collection, breaking out sometimes into very abrupt expression.

OCTOBER.

Dry leaves with yellow ferns, — they are
Fit wreath of Autumn, while a star
Still, bright, and pure, our frosty air
Shivers in twinkling points
Of thin celestial hair,
And thus one side of heaven anoints.

I am beneath the moon's calm look
Most quiet in this sheltered nook
From trouble of the frosty wind
Which curls the yellow blade;
Though in my covered mind
A grateful sense of change is made.

To wandering men how dear this sight
Of a cold tranquil autumn night,
In its majestic deep repose;
Thus will their genius be
Not buried in high snows,
Though of as mute tranquillity.

An anxious life they will not pass,
Nor, as the shadow on the grass,
Leave no impression there to stay;
To them all things are thought;
The blushing morn's decay, —
Our death, our life, by this is taught.

O find in every haze that shines,
A brief appearance without lines,
A single word, — no finite joy;
For present is a Power
Which we may not annoy,
Yet love him stronger every hour.

I would not put this sense from me,
If I could some great sovereign be;
Yet will not task a fellow man
To feel the same glad sense,
For no one living can
Feel — save his given influence.

### WILLINGNESS.

An unendeavoring flower, — how still
Its growth from morn to eventime;
Nor signs of hasty anger fill
Its tender form from birth to prime
Of happy will.

And some, who think these simple things
Can bear no goodness to their minds,
May learn to feel how nature brings,
Around a quiet being winds,
And through us sings.

A stream to some is no delight,
Its element diffused around;
Yet in its unobtrusive flight
There trembles from its heart a sound
Like that of night.

So give thy true allotment, — fair;
To children turn a social heart;
And if thy days pass clear as air,
Or friends from thy beseeching part,
O humbly bear.

### SONNETS.

#### I.

The brook is eddying in the forest dell,
All full of untaught merriment, — the joy
Of breathing life is this green wood's employ.
The wind is feeling through his gentle bell; —
I and my flowers receive this music well.
Why will not man his natural life enjoy?
Can he then with his ample spirit toy?
Are human thoughts as wares now baked to sell?
All up, all round, all down, a thrilling deep,
A holy infinite salutes the sense,
And incommunicable praises leap,
Shooting the entire soul with love intense,
Throughout the All, — and can a man live on to weep?

#### II.

There never lived a man who with a heart
Resolved, bound up, concentred in the good,
However low or high in rank he stood,
But when from him yourself had chanced to start,
You felt how goodness alway maketh art;
And that an ever venerable mood

Of sanctity, like the deep worship of a wood,
Of its unconsciousness turns you a part.
Let us live amply in the joyous All;
We surely were not meant to ride the sea,
Skimming the wave in that so prisoned Small,
Reposing our infinite faculties utterly.
Boom like a roaring sunlit waterfall,
Humming to infinite abysms; — speak loud, speak free.

III.

Hearts of eternity, — hearts of the deep!
Proclaim from land to sky your mighty fate;
How that for you no living comes too late;
How ye cannot in Theban labyrinth creep;
How ye great harvests from small surface reap;
Shout, excellent band, in grand primeval strain,
Like midnight winds that foam along the main,
And do all things rather than pause to weep.
A human heart knows nought of littleness,
Suspects no man, compares with no man's ways,
Hath in one hour most glorious length of days,
A recompense, a joy, a loveliness,
Like eaglet keen, shoots into azure far,
And always dwelling nigh is the remotest star.

## LINES

### WRITTEN IN THE EVENING OF A NOVEMBER DAY.

THEE, mild autumnal day,
I felt not for myself; the winds may steal
From any point, and seem to me alike
Reviving, soothing powers.

Like thee the contrast is
Of a new mood in a decaying man,
Whose idle mind is suddenly revived
With many pleasant thoughts.

Our earth was gratified;
Fresh grass, a stranger in this frosty time,
Peeped from the crumbling mould as welcome as
An unexpected friend.

How glowed the evening star,
As it delights to glow in summer's midst,
When out of ruddy boughs the twilight birds
Sing flowing harmony.

Peace was the will to-day,
Love in bewildering growth our joyous minds
Swelled to their widest bounds; the worldly left
All hearts to sympathize.

I felt for thee, — for thee,
Whose inward, outward life completely moves,
Surrendered to the beauty of the soul
Of this creative day.

### OUR BIRTH DAYS.

I.

These are the solemnest days of our bright lives,
When memory and hope within exert
Delightful reign; when sympathy revives,
And that, which late was in the soul inert,
Grows warm and living, and to us alone
Are these a knowledge; nowise may they hurt,
Or cry aloud, or frighten out the tone,
Which we will strive to wear and as calm nature own.

II.

Whatever scenes our eyes once gratified, —
Those landscapes couched around our early homes,
To which our tender, peaceful hearts replied,
To those our present happy feeling roams,
And takes a mightier joy than from the tomes
Of the pure scholar; those ten thousand sights
Of constant nature flow in us, as foams
The bubbling spring; these are the true delights
Wherewith this solemn world the sorrowful requites.

These are proper Manuscript inspirations, honest, great, but crude. They have never been filed or decorated for the eye that studies surface. The writer was not afraid to write ill; he had a great meaning too much at heart to stand for trifles, and wrote lordly for his peers alone. This is the poetry of hope. Here is no French correctness, but Hans Sachs and Chaucer rather. But the minstrel can be sweet and tender also. We select from the sheaf one leaf, for which we predict a more general popularity.

### A POET'S LOVE.

I can remember well
My very early youth,
My sumptuous Isabel,
Who was a girl of truth,
Of golden truth; — we do not often see
Those whose whole lives have only known to be.

So sunlight, very warm,
On harvest fields and trees,
Could not more sweetly form
Rejoicing melodies
For these deep things, than Isabel for me;
I lay beneath her soul as a lit tree.

That cottage where she dwelt
Was all o'er mosses green;
I still forever felt
How nothing stands between
The soul and truth; why, starving poverty
Was nothing — nothing, Isabel, to thee.

Grass beneath her faint tread
Bent pleasantly away;
From her ne'er small birds fled,
But kept at their bright play,
Not fearing her; it was her endless motion,
Just a true swell upon a summer ocean.

Those who conveyed her home, —
I mean who led her where
The spirit does not roam, —
Had such small weight to bear,
They scarcely felt; how softly was thy knell
Rung for thee that soft day, girl Isabel.

I am no more below,
My life is raised on high;
My fantasy was slow
Ere Isabel could die;
It pressed me down; but now I sail away
Into the regions of exceeding day.

And Isabel and I
Float on the red brown clouds,
That amply multiply
The very constant crowds
Of serene shapes. Play on Mortality!
Thy happiest hour is that when thou may'st die.

The second of the two following verses is of such extreme beauty, that we do not remember anything more perfect in its kind. Had the poet been looking over a book of Raffaelle's drawings, or perchance the villas and temples of Palladio, with the maiden to whom it was addressed?

TO ****.

My mind obeys the power
That through all persons breathes;
And woods are murmuring,
And fields begin to sing,
And in me nature wreathes.

Thou too art with me here, —
The best of all design; —
Of that strong purity,
Which makes it joy to be
A distant thought of thine.

But here are verses in another vein, — plain, ethical, human, such as in ancient lands legislators carved on stone tablets and monuments at the roadside, or in the precincts of temples. They remind us of the austere strain in which Milton celebrates the Hebrew prophets.

"In them is plainest taught and easiest learned
What makes a nation happy and keeps it so."

I.

The Bible is a book worthy to read;
The life of those great Prophets was the life we need,
From all delusive seeming ever freed.

Be not afraid to utter what thou art;
'T is no disgrace to keep an open heart;
A soul free, frank, and loving friends to aid,
Not even does this harm a gentle maid.

Strive as thou canst, thou wilt not value o'er
Thy life. Thou standest on a lighted shore,
And from the waves of an unfathomed sea,
The noblest impulses flow tenderly to thee;
Feel them as they arise, and take them free.

Better live unknown,
No heart but thy own
Beating ever near,
To no mortal dear
In thy hemisphere,

Poor and wanting bread,
Steeped in poverty,
Than to be a dread,
Than to be afraid,
From thyself to flee;
For it is not living
To a soul believing,
To change each noble joy
Which our strength employs,
For a state half rotten
And a life of toys.
Better be forgotten
Than lose equipoise.

How shall I live? In earnestness.
What shall I do? Work earnestly.
What shall I give? A willingness.
What shall I gain? Tranquillity.
But do you mean a quietness
In which I act and no man bless?
Flash out in action infinite and free,
Action conjoined with deep tranquillity,
Resting upon the soul's true utterance,
And life shall flow as merry as a dance.

II.

Life is too good to waste, enough to prize;
Keep looking round with clear unhooded eyes;
Love all thy brothers, and for them endure
Many privations; the reward is sure.

A little thing! There is no little thing;
Through all a joyful song is murmuring;
Each leaf, each stem, each sound in winter drear
Has deepest meanings for an anxious ear.

Thou seest life is sad; the father mourns his wife and child;
Keep in the midst of heavy sorrows a fair aspect mild.

A howling fox, a shrieking owl,
A violent distracting Ghoul,
Forms of the most infuriate madness,—
These may not move thy heart to gladness,
But look within the dark outside,
Nought shalt thou hate and nought deride.

Thou meet'st a common man
With a delusive show of *can*.
His acts are petty forgeries of natural greatness,
That show a dreadful lateness
Of this life's mighty impulses; a want of truthful earnestness;

He seems, not does, and in that shows
No true nobility, —
A poor ductility,
That no proper office knows,
Not even estimation small of human woes.

Be not afraid,
His understanding aid
With thy own pure content,
On highest purpose bent.

Leave him not lonely,
For that his admiration
Fastens on self and seeming only;
Make a right dedication
Of all thy strength to keep
From swelling that so ample heap
Of lives abused, of virtue given for nought,
And thus it shall appear for all in nature hast thou wrought.
If thou unconsciously perform what 's good,
Like nature's self thy proper mood.

A life well spent is like a flower,
That had bright sunshine its brief hour;
It flourished in pure willingness;
Discovered strongest earnestness;
Was fragrant for each lightest wind;
Was of its own particular kind; —
Nor knew a tone of discord sharp;
Breathed alway like a silver harp;
And went to immortality
A very proper thing to die.

We will close our extracts from this rare file of blotted paper with a lighter strain, which, whilst it shows how gaily a poet can chide, gives us a new insight into his character and habits.

TORMENTS.

Yes! they torment me
Most exceedingly: —
I would I could flee.
A breeze on a river —
I listen forever;
The yellowish heather
Under cool weather, —
These are pleasures to me.

Poor and wanting bread,
Steeped in poverty,
Than to be a dread,
Than to be afraid,
From thyself to flee;
For it is not living
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Most exceedingly: —
I would I could flee.
A breeze on a river —
I listen forever;
The yellowish heather
Under cool weather, —
These are pleasures to me.

What do torment me?
Those living vacantly,
Who live but to see;
Indefinite action,
Nothing but motion,
Round stones a rolling,
No inward controlling;—
Yes! they torment me.

Some cry all the time,
Even in their prime
Of youth's flushing clime.
O! out on this sorrow!
Fear'st thou to-morrow?
Set thy legs going,
Be stamping be rowing,—
This of life is the lime.

Hail, thou mother Earth!
Who gave me thy worth
For my portion at birth:
I walk in thy azure,
Unfond of erasure,
But they who torment me
So most exceedingly
Sit with feet on the hearth.

We have more pages from the same hand lying before us, marked by the same purity and tenderness and early wisdom as these we have quoted, but we shall close our extracts here. May the right hand that has so written never lose its cunning! may this voice of love and harmony teach its songs to the too long silent echoes of the Western Forest.

E.

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## ART AND ARTIST.

With dauntless eye the lofty one
Moves on through life;
Majestic as the mighty sun
He knows no strife.

He sees the thought flow to the form,
And rise like bubble bright;
A moment of beauty,—and it is gone,
Dissolved in light.

## ERNEST THE SEEKER.

### CHAPTER II.

"Then let the Good be free to breathe a note
Of elevation — let their odors float
Around these Converts, and their glories blend,
Outshining nightly tapers, or the blaze
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
The soul to purer worlds." — WORDSWORTH.

As Ernest entered the boudoir, Edith hastily closed her portfolio, and wiping away a tear, rose gracefully to greet him.

"Ah! Ernest! Is it you? How glad I am it is no stranger. I would not have an indifferent eye see me thus moved. My Saint has gone to join the blessed. Sister Luise died last night;" and after a moment gazing at him she added, "*You* shall see this sketch in which I have hinted to myself the lesson of her life."

Ernest took her hand, and seating himself at the table, they looked together at the three pencilled outlines. The first represented a cavern's mouth, on the edge of a garden, where in the distance dancing groupes were visible. Entering the vault, his face veiled, one arm wrapped in his heavy robe, extending behind him, an aged man seemed slowly drawing on a beautiful girl, — whose feet followed willingly; — while the averted head, the straining eye, the parted lips told, that the heart was with one of the rejoicers behind, who stood watching her. The second sketch was of a chamber in the rock, lighted only from a cleft, — and on the floor, as in a swoon, the female form alone, — her face hidden in her mantle, with one hand cast forward, grasping the crucifix. In the third was again a garden, and a cavern's mouth, but now reversed; and near and far, under shading branches, placid figures seemed conversing. In the fore-ground his back to the beholder, stood with light, triumphant air a youth, from whose presence glory seemed to beam, while lowly in gesture, but with upraised and assured face, glided forth from the dark prison the Virgin.

"And so she has cast off her earthly dross," said Ern-

est. "I know not whether the bishop was right, however, in persuading her to enter the convent. God does not fear liberty; why should the Church?"

"Not right! Why her lover was unworthy. Would you have had her thrown away, — a priceless treasure, to be trampled down by neglect and scorn? O! how beautifully maternal is the Church, that she thus gathers to her quiet breast the poor foot-sore wanderers. Think Ernest! She had loved, guilelessly, fully, one who could never have known her worth. The blossom opened on the dusty road, and drooped. Would you have had her live on, désolate, her secret whispered everywhere, each coarse eye scanning her pale face? The world offered nothing. And by the very entireness of her love was she fitted to be a bride of heaven! O, surely our good father was right! But it is nearly the hour! Will you attend me to the funeral!"

"The world offered much, Edith! Many a blighted stalk yields support to the vine, that otherwise would have trailed in the dust. The crowds are rich in occasions for sounding forth harmoniously, in the experience of others, the song we have marred in our own life-rehearsal. But peace to her slumbers! Let us go!"

The Church was in entire silence as they entered; and only a few poor people present, — who had heard the sad news, that their benefactress was dead. Edith was at once absorbed in her devotions; and Ernest gave himself to the study of his favorite altar-piece. The copy was poor; and yet the divine aura still pervaded it. With pliant, unexhausted strength, the radiant angel, his golden locks tossed back by the wind, his fine indignant face turned downward on the writhing monster, seemed with his light foot to crush the demon as he smote him, and stood victorious, the impersonation of Purity intolerant of passion.

"Terribly just," thought Ernest, "it is so! Forever, forever, must each angel spurn and oppose the foul, the selfish. Yet what an instinct of compassion have we! I cannot abandon that monster — though neither can I bear with him. Oh! surely, surely, evil is as *unnatural* to us as it is *hateful*. But the world is a poisonous atmosphere. The best grow sickly in it. Is not the Church right then

to sanctify some green circles, within whose borders devils dare not enter?"

His thoughts were broken by the entrance of the priest, and the murmured sound of those few words, so freshly pathetic, however monotonously chanted —

"Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam."

The service proceeded as usual, till through the grating of the side chapel rose the soft mellow voices of the nuns, echoed from the opposite grating by the clear high tones of the children.

> "And from the latticed gallery came a chant
> Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,
> Verse after verse sung out so holily,
> The strain returning, and still, still returning."

Ernest felt deeply the mysterious power of this unseen music. Is not the ear a finer avenue to the spirit than the eye? Faint and more faint, the chant died away with the retiring voices; and then Edith beckoned Ernest to follow her. The Portress opened the door of the convent to one always there privileged; and leading the way through many passages to a window, she pointed silently out upon the church-yard. Nothing could have been more touching than that scene. Slowly the procession was winding among the simple crosses, which marked the graves, to where the hillock of fresh-dug earth showed the resting place for their sister. Four young girls, clad in white, with garlands of white roses followed the chanting priest, and the boys with swinging censers, two and two; — then came four nuns, in their long black veils, with white scarfs around their necks, supporting the coffin, itself covered with a long white pall, like nature's snowy winding sheet. Two by two the sisters followed; then two by two the children, — in long tapering files, — all, even to the littlest, bearing the lighted candles. Beautiful symbol! that the good fight is fought, the victory won, and that the conquering soul, unquenched by death, has ascended to brighter worlds of never dying light.

When the solemn rite was ended, as Edith calmly crossed herself, and turned to go, Ernest thought he had never seen her so serenely beautiful. It seemed to him

as though her parted friend had dropped the mantle of her peace. There was a depth in her dark eye, a sacred sweetness on her pale brow and colorless cheek, which awed him.

"I have spent hours and hours with her," said Edith, as they passed homeward. "She had imbibed from the world all its elegant tastes and high accomplishments, and had dedicated them to God. She never checked my prattle, but seemed to rejoice in the fresh springing flowers of a young heart. And then so gently she instilled her holy faith, never arguing, never explaining, but living so happily, so gently, in the pure wisdom of her spiritual love. I have watched her, kneeling by the sleeping children, in winter nights for hours, till I fell asleep, gazing at a bright star which shone over her, and when I awoke found her still kneeling there, wrapped in her long robes, — and day was breaking. And then she was so patient. Once, after some rudeness, I remember seeking her pardon, and asking whether she could still love me; and her answer was so holy, yet so simple! 'I love you all in God, dear children. He loves us all.' I cannot mourn for her, I hardly dare to pray for her! But for myself I must pray. Adieu! I must be alone."

Thus speaking, as she entered the door, she took his hand, bowed gently, and withdrew to her apartment.

Ernest stepped for a moment into the boudoir, and in her album wrote these words from Novalis:

"Friendship, love, and piety should be mysteriously treated. It is only in very rare confiding moments we should speak of them. *Many things are too tender to be thought of, many more to be expressed.*"

He felt that the shrine of a sweet sister's inmost life had once again this day been opened to him, and he was a purer man. "When the world is redeemed," thought he, as he walked on, "will not women be the prophets to us? Surely, through a holy woman, infinite gooodness smiles upon us in its gentle glory, as it does not elsewhere. And how heaven has marked her as his consecrated vessel. Beauty in her is hateful, loathsome, where it is not pure; and devoutness brightens the homeliest features into grace, as the lamp reveals the picture in the rough porcelain shade. And we would have them all be wives and moth-

ers; — wives of busy idlers, mothers of worldly slaves? Alas! it would be no mockery too commonly to decorate the marriage feast with cypress. How often is that promised Eden but a waste wilderness. Must innocence forever be driven out of the garden by seeking after unknown good, and find the flaming sword of remorse opposing its return? O Experience! Experience! can the elixir of life be found only by squeezing your thorny fruit? And then the world's insolent neglect, or selfish use of those who will not sell themselves to the stranger, and marry, for marriage's empty privileges, the unworthy. Wonder is indeed, that Protestants have no sacred retreats, no holy sisterhoods. Heaven keep thee ever his own, dear Edith! or give thee a fitting friend."

The scene of the morning had so deeply touched him, that the thought of study was irksome; and he determined to pay a visit to the bishop. Several persons, whose dress and manner proved them to be of quite different classes of society, were seated, each waiting his turn for conversation in the little parlor; and retiring till the good father's words of consolation and counsel had been given, Ernest withdrew into the recess to commune with the copy of Raphael's divinest Madonna. The picture was so hung, that light through a window above, and hidden from the spectator, was poured full upon the clouds of dim cherub faces, and on the heads of the mother and child. The colors had somewhat faded; but the drawing and expression were in a purer style than any work, which Ernest had ever seen. Soft deep shadows around the eyes gave a tender thoughtfulness to the Virgin's look. The name he had heard years before given to this picture, thrilled through him — "The Girl-Mother." Yes! There stood that sweet peasant, in the joyous innocence of her youth, full of all harmonious affections, sobered in prophetic awe. The dignity of womanhood had robed her suddenly; and gayety was veiled in blessedness. How lightly she rested on the light vapor, as if already ethereal; — how buoyantly her garments floated there. And O! what majesty, what calm, unconscious power, what pure swelling instincts, what conceptions, too grand for words, seemed to crown the divine boy, as with easy attitude he sat on the throne, which God had consecrated, of his mother's reverential love.

Ernest was thankful that chance had led him hither, thus to finish his morning's meditation; for the words of the German mystic rose to his memory: "The mysterious charm of the Virgin — that which renders her so unspeakably attractive — is the presentiment of maternity. *She is the aptest emblem of the Future.*"

He turned aside to examine the books upon the nearest shelves; and accidentally opening a volume of the Dublin Review, his eye was attracted by an article, headed "Galileo — The Roman Inquisition." This called to mind some startling statements he had heard in a late address, which he longed to have disproved or verified; and, as absorbed, he rapidly skimmed the pages, the bishop laid his hand upon his shoulder, and saluted him with; "Ah! my young friend! doubtless you think that excellent writer is but whitening, with the chalk of sophistry, the foul spots upon the skirts of the church."

"Not so! I was rather astonished at this new proof of how a pistol shot, well echoed, can be made to sound like thunder. The story of Galileo's sufferings for truth has been so often and so confidently told, I never doubted its truth; and from my youth have associated the name of the great astronomer with a vision of dungeons and of papal tyranny."

"No wonder! no wonder!" said the old man, mildly, "we are sadly, cruelly slandered. Shall I tell you, briefly, the true tale of Galileo's *prosecution*, not persecution.* Nicholas, the Cusan, a poor ultramontane, first advanced the startling proposition, 'Quod cœlum stet, terra autem moveatur,' 'the earth moves, the heaven is at rest,' and for this noble service to science was raised by Nicholas the Fifth, before 1464, to the dignity of the Cardinal's hat, and to the bishopric of Brixen. Behold the *first punishment* of this "heresy." In 1510, Leonardo da Vinci adopted, as established, the same doctrine; for already in 1500, Copernicus, in the very heart of Rome, had taught it to overwhelming crowds. Ay! more! when in 1536, it was known that Copernicus was too poor to

* Vide Dublin Review, No. IX. for July, 1838, p. 79, from which what follows is condensed, as the Roman Catholic version of Galileo's life.

print his great work, Cardinal Scomberg, and after him Gisio, charged themselves, from unparallelled liberality, with all the necessary expenses of its publication; and thus, as has been beautifully said, 'the successor of St. Peter flung over the infant theory the shield of his high protection.' What reason then was there, after this long favoring of this new scientific discovery, and after deliberate inculcation of it, at a later day, to stifle it? And now to pass to Galileo, when he first visited Rome, for the purpose of making 'palpable and plain,' as he said, 'the thing that by God's help he had discovered,' how was he greeted? With suspicion and insult? No! prelates and cardinals vied to do him honor; gardens and palaces were flung open for his use."

"But surely," said Ernest, "there is some foundation for the story of his being a martyr for science, — some real face to hang the hideous mask upon."

"You shall hear, young friend, and verily I think, you will agree, the mask was hung upon a senseless block. Galileo, not content with scientific demonstrations, began a series of theological epistles, attacking the established mode of interpreting certain texts; and it was for this, and for this *alone*, that he was denounced and warned 'to confine himself to his system and its demonstration, and leave explaining views of Scripture to the theologians, whose particular province it was to discuss them.' Thus, as has been well said, 'Galileo was persecuted not for having been a good Astronomer, but a bad Theologian.' But Galileo was passionate, headstrong, heated; he would not limit himself; he absolutely forced the decision of this question of texts upon the Pope and Inquisition; and therefore, and only therefore, was it necessary, to bind him to *total* silence; which was done by Bellarmine in the kindest, and least public way; immediately after which he was admitted to a long and friendly audience with the Pope. And was he then disgraced? Far, far from it; he was admired, courted as before; Cardinal Barberini wrote verses in his praise and mounted the papal throne; and Galileo came to Rome loaded with honors. And now, young friend! mark me. What return did Galileo make? He published his Four-days-dialogues; and on the very first page, to the *Discreet Reader*, attacked with bitter

irony and sarcasm the decree of 1616. All this he did," continued the Bishop, opening the volume and reading aloud, "'till in an evil hour, intoxicated by success, he burst, in the wantonness of wayward pride, through the restraint of personal respect, public order, and even private gratitude; and levelled the shafts of his satire against the very highest personage in the land — the same, his own best benefactor. Then, and not till then, was he made to feel the heavy hand of power, when he had stung it to the quick; then, and not till then, was he made to bite the dust of humiliation before the authority he had insulted. Yet even then the sage was not forgotten in the delinquent, nor the claims of the High Priest of Science, lost on the clemency and consideration of his judges.' And what, after all, was the sentence? Simply this. '*The Church has not condemned the system, nor is it to be considered heretical, but only rash.*' In a word, young friend, the system, though probable, was not proved; and Galileo was bid to wait. This was all; and for this every pert protestant writer is to fling in the face of our venerable mother his insults at her bigotry. But I will pardon them! History has been hoodwinked long enough. We shall be better known in the next age. But I fear I have wearied you. Let us talk of other topics."

"No! dear Sir! No!" said Ernest. "I long to hear from your lips an explanation of your exercise of spiritual power over the mind. Tell me, if time and inclination are propitious, why and how far you would limit liberty."

The bishop looked at him steadfastly, for a moment, as if with his luminous grey eye he would throw a light into the most secret chambers of Ernest's consciousness, and then opening a large port-folio, he selected an engraving, and set it before him, with these few words:

"The rule of the Church is almost too simple and natural to explain; that divine picture embodies it."

It was Raphael's cartoon of Christ's last interview with his disciples on the lake of Galilee. How touching was the contrast between the calmness of the master, and the eager enthusiasm of the disciples. Firmly and gracefully, in perfect equipoise, stood Jesus, pointing with one hand to the feeding flock, and with the other to the kneeling Peter, who, overwhelmed in mingled shame and confidence,

seemed pleading the truth of his grateful affection. Ernest could almost hear the mild command from the opening lips, which he read in the beaming benignity of the soft eyes, "Feed my sheep."

"The duty of the Church is protection, you mean," said he, looking up.

"Yes! my son! She is put in charge by the Great Shepherd of his little ones; and woe to her if she is not faithful. Can she allow the poor lambs to wander astray in the fogs of speculation, or be lost in the drifting snows of skepticism, or ruined by wolfish doubts?"

"Blessed be the meek-hearted, Father! who are willing to be led by the still waters in the green pastures; but I am a wild chamois, finding spare feed on the dizzy heights of thought, among the cataracts of untried instincts."

"Even so! even so! But I have hope of one so true. God forbid, that you should only be brought into the fold, bleeding and crippled. Why waste your years in seeking what is already stored up for you, if you will take it? Look there!" continued the bishop, pointing to long rows of volumes of the Fathers; "there is contained all, and far more than you will find in the superficial, half-grown writers of our time. Why drink always of the muddy pools, which have dripped from the fountain into the dusty road, when you may dip from the bubbling spring itself?"

"But how am I to know you have all truth?" asked Ernest. "I have little faith in human infallibility."

"Ah! what sad prejudices darken us all. The Church is infallible, young friend, only because it embraces the consenting testimony of all ages. No one man is infallible. But I ask you, is not our faith the most of all reasonable in the mere way of argument? The Lord promised to be with his Church to the end of the world! Will he most readily visit the minds of the consecrated and devoted ministers of his truth, or the uncultured, wild minds of those perplexed in the world?"

Here a mother, leading in a truant and deceitful daughter to be exorcised of the demon by the good bishop's words, interrupted the conversation, and Ernest withdrew.

As he walked homeward, he murmured to himself, "wolfish doubts" — so, Father, we must give up our free

thought. You may be right. But I am not yet ready. I must examine fresh suggestions, that come to my tent-door. They may be lepers to blast me with disease, but they may be also angels in disguise.

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## WOODNOTES.

### I.

For this present, hard
Is the fortune of the bard
  Born out of time;
All his accomplishment
From nature's utmost treasure spent
  Booteth not him.
When the pine tosses its cones
To the song of its waterfall tones,
He speeds to the woodland walks,
To birds and trees he talks:
Cæsar of his leafy Rome,
There the poet is at home.
He goes to the river side,—
Not hook nor line hath he:
He stands in the meadows wide,—
Nor gun nor scythe to see;
With none has he to do,
And none seek him,
Nor men below,
Nor spirits dim.
Sure some god his eye enchants:—
What he knows, nobody wants:
In the wood he travels glad
Without better fortune had,
Melancholy without bad.
Planter of celestial plants,
What he knows nobody wants;
What he knows, he hides, not vaunts.
Knowledge this man prizes best
Seems fantastic to the rest;
Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,
Grass buds, and caterpillars' shrouds,
Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
Tints that spot the violets' petal,
Why nature loves the number five,
And why the star-form she repeats;—
Lover of all things alive,
Wonderer at all he meets,

Wonderer chiefly at himself,—
Who can tell him what he is;
Or how meet in human elf
Coming and past eternities?

II.

And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart;
It seemed that nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,
As if by secret sight he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew.
There are many events in the field,
Which are not shown to common eyes,
But all her shows did nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,
He found the tawny thrush's broods,
And the shy hawk did wait for him.
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.

III.

In unploughed Maine he sought the lumberers' gang,
Where from a hundred lakes young rivers sprang,
He trode the unplanted forest floor whereon
The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone;
Where feeds the moose, and walks the surly bear,
And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker.
He saw beneath dim aisles in odorous beds
The slight Linnæa hang its twin-born heads,
And blessed the monument of the man of flowers,
Which breathes his sweet fame through the northern bowers.

He heard when in the grove at intervals
With sudden roar the aged pinetree falls, —
One crash, the death-hymn of the perfect tree,
Declares the close of its green century.
Low lies the plant to whose creation went
Sweet influence from every element;
Whose living towers the years conspired to build,
Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild.
Through these green tents, by eldest nature drest,
He roamed content alike with man and beast:
Where darkness found him he lay glad at night,
There the red morning touched him with its light.
Three moons his great heart him a hermit made,
So long he roved at will the boundless shade.
The timid it concerns to ask their way,
And fear what foe in caves and swamps can stray,
To make no step until the event is known,
And ills to come as evils past bemoan.
Not so the wise; no coward watch he keeps
To spy what danger on his pathway creeps;
Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth; — his hall the azure dome,
Where his clear spirit leads him, there 's his road,
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

IV.

'T was one of the charmed days,
When the genius of God doth flow,
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow:
It may blow north, it still is warm;
Or south, it still is clear;
Or east, it smells like a clover farm;
Or west, no thunder fear.
The musing peasant lowly great
Beside the forest water sat:
The rope-like pine roots crosswise grown
Composed the network of his throne,
The wide lake edged with sand and grass
Was burnished to a floor of glass,
Painted with shadows green and proud
Of the tree and of the cloud.
He was the heart of all the scene;
On him the sun looked more serene,
To hill and cloud his face was known,
It seemed the likeness of their own;
They knew by secret sympathy
The public child of earth and sky.
You ask, he said, what guide
Me through trackless thickets led,
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and wide;
I found the water's bed.

The watercourses were my guide,
I travelled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern the beavers' camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed;
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was polestar when the night was dark,
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food.
For nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'T will be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover.

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## LIFE AND DEATH.

The moaning waves speak of other lands,
Where men have walked in noble bands;
Ages have passed since they trod the earth,
Yet they too had fallen from their high birth.
Like us for the pure and right they fought;
Like us they longed and earnestly sought;
And they too found little with all their pride;
He was the noblest who nobly died;
Not one of them all led a manly life;—
Alas for mankind with its ceaseless strife!

# RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

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*The Works of William E. Channing, D. D.* Four Volumes. Third Edition. Glasgow: 1840.

We welcome this beautiful edition, from a foreign land, of the writings of our eminent countryman. It is the only complete and correct collection of the works hitherto published, which he wishes to appear under his name; and, on that account, as well as for the intrinsic value of its contents, we rejoice that a corresponding edition is soon to be issued from the press in this city.

The present volumes afford a striking illustration of the course of their author, as a believer in social progress, and the advocate of reform. There is a severe, logical consistency in the gradual unfolding of his views, which, to the inattentive reader, is frequently concealed by the rich and flowing style, of which Dr. Channing is such an admirable master. The statements, which are here brought together, in regard to the nature of man, the essential character of religion, the condition of society, and the hopes of the human race, may all be traced back to one or two predominant ideas, which have strongly acted on the mind of the author, which he clearly comprehends, and to which he is never false. He commences with the recognition of the moral principle, as the highest element in human nature. The purpose of religion is to develope and mature this principle, to give it a practical ascendancy over the soul, and to preserve it from degradation by the corruptions of the world. This principle connects man with his Maker, makes him conscious of a Divinity within him, guarantees to him the enjoyment of immortality, imposes the obligation of duty, and calls him to a sublime destiny. Religion, accordingly, is not the reception of a creed, but the cultivation of life; not the observance of forms, but inward holiness; it cannot cramp, enfeeble, and depress the mind; but its true influence is joyous, and ennobling; it reveals God to his children, in the brightest and most attractive forms, and commands them to be like him. But if the moral principle is the highest attribute of man, and the medium of his connexion with God, all other distinctions become trivial and unimportant. The possession of a moral nature makes man the equal of man everywhere. Hence, all assumption of authority over the conscience, all restrictions on freedom of mind, all claims to property in man, all pretension to superority on account of outward

privileges, are contrary to the Divine law. They do injustice both to the nature of man and the purposes of God. Now these principles give us a test of social arrangements. They must be applied as the measure of civilization. Every institution of man must be brought into judgment before their tribunal. The society, which does not ensure to every individual the means of unfolding and exercising his highest capacities, which permits any to pine in hopeless want, which values external prosperity more than moral perfection, which makes the pursuit of wealth the primary object, and neglects the culture of the soul, is not in accordance with the principles of religion, or the laws of human nature.

Such are the conclusions, at which Dr. Channing arrives, and which he enforces on the world, with the fearless earnestness of a martyr. He commenced with theology; here his purpose was not so much to attack, as to explain; to redeem the moral element of Christianity from the speculations which concealed it, and vindicate the spirit of Jesus, as a spirit of freedom, of charity, of holiness, of universal truth. His position now is that of a social reformer. In his mind, the religion of love cannot be unfruitful. He has faith in man, in Christ, and in God; and accordingly he looks forward to a better future than the past. His writings, which will be most honored by the coming generations, relate to this object. They cannot fail to appreciate aright the magnanimity with which he refuses to yield to popular prejudices, the calm wisdom with which he looks into prevailing abuses, the courage and firmness with which he withstands the current of obloquy that a divine charity for the welfare of man always at first calls forth, and the hopeful serenity with which he watches the struggle between light and darkness, that betokens the speedy dawning of a better day.

The Preface to this edition contains the following pregnant words, which may be regarded as his own confession of faith, and which embody the creed of the youth of this country, who are beginning, not so much to protest against the past, as to live in the present, and construct for the future.

"These volumes will show, that the author feels strongly the need of deep social changes, of a spiritual revolution in Christendom, of a new bond between man and man, of a new sense of the relation between man and his Creator. At the same time, they will show his firm belief, that our present low civilization, the central idea of which is wealth, cannot last forever; that the mass of men are not doomed hopelessly and irresistibly to the degradation of mind and heart in which they are now sunk; that a new comprehension of the end and dignity of a human being is to remodel social institutions and manners; that in Christianity and in the powers and principles of human nature, we have the promise of something holier and happier than now exists. It is a privilege to live in this faith, and a privilege to communicate it to others."

*Two Sermons on the Kind Treatment and on the Emancipation of Slaves. Preached at Mobile, on Sunday, the 10th, and Sunday the 17th of May*, 1840. *With a Prefatory Statement.* By George F. Simmons. Boston: William Crosby and Co.

These Sermons form a signal exception to the manner in which the instructions of the pulpit are usually dispensed. They were pronounced before an audience, scarce one of which could be presumed to sympathize with the views that were urged; they were intended not to set aside a speculative error, nor to enforce an abstract moral precept, but to rebuke a sin that was deeply fixed in the habits of the people; and, so far from being adapted to win for the preacher the golden opinions of his hearers, he uttered them at the risk of his popularity, his reputation, nay, of his personal safety. He might have had good reason to believe, that when he left that pulpit, in which he stood to discharge a painful, but imperative duty, he would never be suffered to lift up his voice in it again, if, indeed, he should not fall a prey to the wild wrath of those, whose social corruptions he had probed to the quick.

The position which Mr. Simmons occupied was one of no common privilege, calling for the exercise of a lofty valor, enabling him to accomplish an act of wise and noble self-sacrifice, presenting one of those solemn moments, in which a soul of true vitality lives more than in many years of sloth and worldly indulgence. Here was a young man, fresh from the cold refinements of the schools, nurtured in the enervating atmosphere of a dainty literature, connected with a religious sect, which reckons a cautious prudence among the cardinal virtues, and tempted by the counsels and customs of society to overlook a vice, that was so prevalent as to be feared. The sight of human beings in bondage moved his spirit to expressions of rebuke and pity. He could not conceal from himself the sin into the midst of which he was thrown. He saw it in its true light. He judged it by the standard of the divine law. He felt that it was one of the chief duties of a servant of Christ, to compare the practice of his hearers with the principles of his Master, and to give his public testimony to its character, with an emphasis and distinctness, that should not fail to be understood. It is easy to conceive of the struggle which such a mind must go through, before it could form the resolve to utter the most offensive truths to men, with whom the speaker had lived in intimacy, with whose characters, in many respects, he cherished a sincere sympathy, and from whom his faithfulness might alienate him forever.

The spirit, in which Mr. Simmons performed his difficult task,

was suited to disarm the opposition even of an enemy. His statements are nicely weighed; they are free from the semblance of exaggeration; not a particle of anger infects the purity of his rebuke; he approaches the wounds he would cleanse and heal not with rudeness, but with sorrow and love; he shows that he does not hate the slaveholder, while he defends the rights of the slave; he fully appreciates the circumstances which palliate the offence, recognises the good qualities which grow in an ungenial soil, and admits the distinction between the victim of vicious institutions, and the deliberate, wilful violator of a Divine law. His language is like that of a brother pleading with a brother, of a Christian, whose moral indignation is mingled with deep grief; of a man, who, conscious of infirmity himself, can make a just allowance for the infirmity of others.

In his first Discourse, Mr. Simmons urges the duty of compassion and indulgence towards the slave. "The negro," says he, "is our brother. To be regarded with fraternal feeling is, therefore, his due. We bestow it on him not as a favor, but as a debt."

In the second Discourse, he points out the inferences that proceed from this principle. It entirely overthrows slavery. Christianity makes all men our brethren. Slavery makes men our tools. The spirit of Christianity must finally cast off every yoke. Slavery is wrong. We can own servants only as we own wives and children. They cannot be a part of our property; nor, without great injustice, can they be treated as such.

These are the general principles, on which all right endeavors for the emancipation of the slave are founded. It is the purpose of those, who are now laboring for this object, to give the widest currency to these principles, to bring them home to the moral sense of society, and to apply them to the heart and conscience of all, who are concerned in the perpetuation of slavery. Their triumph will be the triumph of moral truth over material interests.

The immediate effect of these Discourses might have been anticipated by those who are aware of the jealous and sensitive spirit, which is always produced by the assertion of an unjust claim. Truth courts discussion; the consciousness of right invites the most searching examination; it fears nothing so much as judgment without inquiry; it loves the light; and brings all its deeds and words to that test. No man wishes to wink out of sight what he does not know to be wrong. But evil always makes cowards of those whom it infects. Its anxiety to hush up the faintest whisper betrays its character. Hence the timidity of the slaveholder. Hence the frantic violence with which he opposes all discussion, by which his deeds may be reproved. Hence the primitive manner in which a servant of Christ is

forced to leave the scene of his labors, reminding us of Paul let down by night in a basket, or the earlier disciples, as they were persecuted from one city, fleeing into another.

On Monday morning, Mr. Simmons was accused before the Grand Jury. They looked into the offence, examined many witnesses, and dismissed the complaint. He was then waited on by his friends, who were anxious for his welfare and for the public peace. They advised him to withdraw from the immediate presence of the multitude. He complied with their suggestions, and passed the night out of the city. The next day, the irritation increased; the neglect of the Grand Jury exasperated still more the minds of individuals; and the danger of personal violence became imminent. He was unanimously counselled to go away. He followed the counsel, and left the city. In his own opinion, he was expelled from Mobile not by the people of Mobile, but solely by a cabal in it.

We are inclined to think, that it would have been better had he remained on the post of danger, and submitted to the worst. We know not that his life would have been the sacrifice. If it had been, we believe that he would have found such a death not without joy. To die for the assertion of a truth, on which the welfare of man depends, is not the greatest of evils by far. The man, who dies for the freedom of the soul, for the meek defence of a brother's rights, for the rebuke of sin in high places, for sympathy with the down-trodden and forsaken, is happier than he, whom death finds in the carnage of the battle-field, or on the softest couch of selfish luxury. In this instance, he would have probably escaped with personal indignity and suffering. Every example of this manfully borne is a great gain. Every example of heroic fortitude, amidst the mistaken judgments, or the open hostility of the world, is an accession to its highest wealth. We need men who love their duty better than their lives, who can take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and the destruction of their hopes, who are willing to be made of no reputation for the sake of advancing the progress of truth and good, and who have cheerfully volunteered their services on the forlorn hope of humanity. The author of these Discourses was not called to such a fiery trial. We trust, however, that he has a soul that will never shrink from it; and that the voice of popular applause, and the temptations of society, will never lead him to forget the dreams of his youth.

We have a few words to add, in regard to the manner in which Mr. Simmons has spoken of those, to whom our country is indebted for the most effectual assertion of freedom for all its inhabitants. We think the impartial verdict of history in their behalf will be of a different character from that which he has recorded. We say this without any personal bias; for our ac-

quaintance with individual abolitionists is very limited; we have never been in the habit of acting with them; we have no case to make out in their favor; but our opinion is formed from their published writings, which we have read diligently. Their object is to declare to the world the convictions which they have attained in private, to make it universally felt that the holding of property in man is a sin, and thus, by peaceful measures, to destroy the crying vice of this nation, and the disgrace of our age. In the defence of their principles, no doubt, there may be the leaven of human imperfection; for man still shares in the fall of Adam; there may be much bad rhetoric; there may be a violation of the decorous courtesies, which hold well-bred people in such fear of each other, that they dare not speak out their minds; they may sometimes utter the voice of rebuke and warning in tones that grate harshly on ears, which are daily soothed by the sweetest music of flattery. This is natural enough. It could hardly have been avoided. But they keep higher laws than they break. "We must pardon something to the spirit of liberty," which fills their souls. It is in their ranks that we must look for the most disinterested devotion to a great cause, for the deep sincerity which will not let the tongue stay dumb, for a noble disregard of fashion and prejudice, for the intense perception of the rights of universal man, and for a willingness to brave persecution, contumely, and death, in their defence. Such qualities cannot long be overlooked. Once seen, they cannot be despised. The heart is true as steel to their attractions. Though now condemned, in their most prominent displays, by the ephemeral society of this instant, to-morrow the voice of humanity will echo in their honor.

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*A Letter to those who think.* By Edward Palmer. Worcester. 1840.

The author of this letter has been the pastor of a church in the vicinity of Boston, and is distinguished, as we understand from those to whom he is personally known, for the unpretending simplicity of his character, the purity of his intentions, and his fearless inquiries into the foundation of prevailing institutions and opinions. He is one of the increasing number in our free land, who do not regard the voice of the multitude as the test of truth, nor ask permission of society to express their convictions. We honor him, therefore, as a sincere thinker; and no difference of opinion shall prevent us from doing justice to the record of his ideas.

The tone of this letter is one of great calmness; it is attractive by the chaste simplicity of its style; and wins attention by

the air of genuine experience with which it is pervaded. The leading purpose of the writer is to express his desire for a pure and noble manifestation of religion, which shall comprehend all the elements of human nature, elevate the soul to the highest perfection of which it conceives, and advance society in freedom, holiness, and love. "Though it is no small matter to be a true Christian," says Mr. Palmer, "I now see that it is much more to be a whole, a simple, and a true man." He would have man disencumber himself of creeds and forms, not live by recorded precedents, or upon the experience of others, but go forth freely and spontaneously, in accordance with the promptings of his own moral nature. He needs but to know himself, to cultivate and exercise the noble nature with which he is endowed, to bring into harmony and beautiful order all that pertains to his interest and happiness as an individual and a social being.

These statements, considered in reference to prevalent religious ideas, will be assented to by many, over whose minds those ideas have no influence. It is in vain to disguise the fact, that the present administration of religion calls forth secret misgivings, or open dissent, from no small portion of those for whom it is designed. Men are fast coming to the conviction, that the highest sentiments of their nature demand a more generous culture than they have received; that the soul can be content with naught but the most severe and stern reality; and that to be truly religious is a thing of more vital and solemn import, than the frivolous and worldly spirit of our age has ever imagined. A higher form of religion, than that which lulls the drowsy soul to death-like sleep, in the midst of appalling corruptions and sins, is now looked for with as much earnestness by thousands of hearts, which as yet have only breathed out their longings in the faintest whispers, as was the coming of the Messiah, in those dark days of Jewish degradation, which preceded the advent of the truest light that has ever shone upon the spiritual eye of man. These hopes are to be realized, as we believe, by a clearer insight into the essential spirit of Christianity, and its application to the heart of society, in its simplest and most universal form. This is the problem which our age is called upon to solve, and it is now addressing itself to the task, with a calm, but intense determination, which guarantees its triumphant completion.

With these convictions, we do not assent to the conclusion which Mr. Palmer thus announces. "I am convinced that Christianity is to be superseded, as that has superseded Judaism. The human soul is outgrowing it, as it has previously outgrown other systems and technicalities." In this statement, we think, that Mr. Palmer has fallen into an error, by supposing that the

Christianity of Jesus is the popular religion of society. He confounds the pure, simple, divine ideas of Christ, which place him at such a wide distance from other religious teachers, with the "systems and technicalities," which from the days of Constantine to the present, have received the honors of Christian baptism. But there is an essential distinction between the ideas of Jesus, and the forms in which they have been represented; between the divine truth to which he came into the world to testify, and the construction which it has received from different ages; between the universal laws which he announced, and the enactments which have been added to them by the legislation of men. The former constitute the religion of Jesus; the latter, the dress which disguises it; the former are everlasting; the latter must pass away.

We do not believe, then, that society has outgrown Christianity; nor that it can ever outgrow it, any more than it can outgrow the divine laws of nature. The characteristic idea of Jesus was the supremacy of moral over physical power; he directed men to the manifestation of God within their souls; he assured them that all who received his word should enjoy the Spirit of Truth as their comforter and friend forever; and thus attain the dignity and freedom of "simple, true, and whole men." This idea is to be applied as a test to our present modes of worship, to the institutions of society, to the character of its members. So far as the prevailing religion of society is not in accordance with this, it must be superseded. But the superseding of this will be the exaltation of Christianity. A religion which concentrates the sanctities of life in certain days, which makes more account of formal worship than of the beauty of holiness, which gives divine authority to a priestly interpreter between conscience and God, which erects tribunals to sit in judgment on the human soul, which fails to recognise the spiritual equality and brotherhood of men, which takes no effectual means for the removal of oppression, social wrongs, and national sins, which exalts the service of Mammon over the service of God, and permits men to lay up treasures on earth, while any within their reach are starving for the bread of life, which has no faith in an order of society, established on the divine principles of justice and love, — such a religion, by whatever name it may be called, is not the religion of Christ. It is in opposition to his teachings; still more in opposition to his life; and as men are aroused from the slumbers of sin, made to comprehend the startling import of the ideas which now soothe the sleek transgressor in his Sabbath repose, and quickened to a new sense of responsibility by the stings of a faithful conscience, which wounds to heal, this religion will pass away, and the religion of Jesus be reinstated in its place.

We differ, moreover, from Mr. Palmer, in regard to the remedy which he proposes for the spirit of selfishness, the morbid love of gain, the low standard of morality, and the glaring inequalities of condition and opportunity, which to so great an extent characterize modern society. In his opinion, the present property system is the principal source of the crime and wretchedness which prevails; it compels a violation of the natural laws; and the selfish and exclusive principles, upon which the intercourse and business of men are now conducted, must be exchanged for the benevolent and fraternal. In this way, he supposes a community of interest, if not a community of property, would be established; the clashing interests of the many would be brought into unity; and the practice of giving and requiring bonds, notes, and metal pledges, at every turn, would be superseded.

With regard to the evils alluded to by Mr. Palmer, there is, we suppose, but one opinion among those who have made the condition of society an object of study. They now engross the attention of many of the most vigorous minds of Europe; they are beginning to awaken a deep interest in this country; philosophy forsakes its speculative abstractions to investigate the causes of social suffering; religion has learned that the salvation of the soul involves the elevation of man; and the age, which has perceived the great problem, will not be content till it is solved.

But the cure of these evils must not be looked for in a change of systems. The heart must be set right; the true purposes of life comprehended; the divine relations of man with man understood and acted on, before the most perfect outward organization could be carried into effect, even if it were discovered. The social ideas remaining the same, no good could come from the adoption of a new system. You do not destroy the love of gain, by dispensing with the tokens of value; you may give an egg for an apple, instead of a coin; but the difficulty is in nowise removed. Society must be inspired with correct social ideas; the divine law of love must be proclaimed, until it commands the universal heart; and the true idea will not fail, in due time, to organize itself in a true institution.

The great social evils of our day grow out of the lust of accumulation for personal objects. The remedy for these evils is the effectual assertion of Christian principles. If the spirit, which Jesus insisted on as the characteristic of his disciples, pervaded every community which bears his name, there would be no suffering for the want of means to sustain life, for every individual to unfold his whole nature, to attain the culture, gentleness, and dignity of a true man. The strong would help the infirmities of the weak, and the very thought of selfish gratification, at the expense of another's happiness or improvement, would be spurned. The

early Christians, we are told, had all things in common; no man said that aught which he had was his own; but they did not advocate the abolition of private property, nor a community of goods. They were impelled by a common sympathy to bring of their treasures to a common stock; the wants of the destitute were thus supplied; no man was suffered to need anything; but their reliance was placed on the soul, not on a system; they were led by the impulses of Divine love, not by the rules of an organization, to indulge themselves in no needless expense, while one of their brethren was destitute and suffering.

The Christian idea is not yet carried out in any Christian society. This idea, as clearly set forth in the character of Jesus, is that of entire self-abnegation, in obedience to God, for the benefit of man. The disciple is to have no will, other than the Divine will; his own interests cannot be regarded as superior to the interests of others; he is as much bound to labor for the good of all whom he can help, as if it were his own; he is commanded to sell all that he has, to consecrate his whole being, for the sake of the cause, in which his Master died. Christ renounced everything, called nothing his own, became of no reputation, had no certain dwelling-place, and died on the cross, in order that, by his sacrifices, truth and good might be advanced in the world. The disciple is called to essentially the same duty. The form may be different, but the spirit is identical. Unless he loves man as Christ loved him, he is false to the title in which he glories. If he has wealth, he is bound to use not a portion of it, but the whole of it, as the steward of the Lord; if he devotes it to his own selfish purposes, regardless of the claims of others, he is among the rich men who cannot enter into the kingdom of God; the moment he ceases to be a steward for man, he ceases to be the servant of Christ, and becomes faithless to the cause, which he is pledged to support.

This idea of the uses of wealth is clearly in accordance with the example of Jesus and his disciples, with the practice of the first Christians, and the natural laws of our being. If this idea were acted on, few external changes in the arrangements of property would be required; and until it were acted on, no external changes would be of permanent avail. Still we rejoice in every calm and temperate discussion of this subject. Men are looking for light, and will not rest till they find it. They perceive that the present system of intense competition for personal benefits is fatal to the healthy growth of the soul, destructive of the highest charms of social intercourse, at war with the bland and graceful amenities of life, and the progress of the largest civilization. Its tendency is to transform men into money-getting machines; to reduce the free and joyous varieties of natural character to the dead level of plodding mediocrity; and to smoth-

er the gushing life of the spirit beneath a silver veil. It adjusts social rank according to the successful pursuit of wealth; measures men by what they possess, not by what they are; identifies life with "getting a living;" makes our nation a nation of traffickers, not of thinkers; and substitutes the laws of trade for the laws of God. It is written, however, "Take no thought for the body; seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be given to you."

This is the Christian creed. The true Church must rest on this foundation. Wealth must be sought, not for our own personal advancement, but to promote the empire of justice and love; and then the fever of gain will be assuaged.

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### Professor Walker's Vindication of Philosophy.

The manly and judicious Discourse of Dr. Walker before the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School, produced a deep impression on the large audience which listened to its delivery. We hoped to have seen it before this time in print. It would afford an interesting subject of discussion. As it has not yet been brought before the public, we must content ourselves with copying a slight sketch of it, which appeared in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," soon after it was pronounced.

"The Annual Discourse before the 'Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School' was delivered on Friday last by the Rev. Dr. Walker, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University. The subject chosen for this occasion was 'The Connexion between Philosophy and Religion;' and, addressed by a philosophical teacher to an audience of religious teachers, was as appropriate as any that could be presented; while the manner in which it was treated, the vigor and independence of the speaker, his lucid discrimination of thought, his wise insight into the respective claims of philosophy and religion, his just description of the present state of speculation in the scientific world, and its connexion with the practical interests of society, gave it an importance which rarely belongs to our popular Anniversary Addresses. It is certainly a striking feature in our community, that the most abstract subjects are brought before the mass of the people; words of learned length and portentous sound are familiarly heard in the saloons and on 'Change; systems of philosophy, which in other countries are explained from the chair of the Professor, are here pronounced upon in the Insurance Office, and at the tea table. No true republican will find fault with this, of course; but, as a necessary consequence, we must, now and then, hear the expression of opinions that are more ludicrous than edifying, and characterized rather by ve-

hemence than wisdom. The ears, that have ached uncomplainingly under such inflictions, must have found something healing in the well-weighed words of a man who spoke from knowledge, not from hearsay, and who had taken the pains to comprehend the scientific questions on which he was called to pass judgment.

"The purpose of Dr. Walker was to show the importance of the study of philosophy to the teacher of religion. In introducing the subject, he set forth one or two just distinctions between religion, considered as the subject of philosophical discussion, and the religious character, or the condition of being religious; and between religion, as a system of absolute truths, and the views of religion which are taken by the human mind. Philosophy, he maintained, was by no means essential to a high degree of personal religious experience; a man might be truly devout, who did not understand the meaning of the word; nor was it the foundation of those realities which form the substance of religious faith, under all its various expressions. But it is the province of philosophy to enable us to give an account to ourselves; and, of course, to explain the facts of religion, no less than other facts which come under our cognizance.

"The necessity of an acquaintance with philosophy was argued, from the general tendency of thought at the present day. Men now look into the reason of things on all subjects. They desire to give an account to themselves of whatever engages their attention. The discussion of first principles awakens the deepest interest in the most active and cultivated minds. Hence the tendency of the age to philosophical investigation. This tendency is visible in the popular movements for social reform. They, who go to the greatest length in these attempts, are distinguished from reformers who preceded them, by the fact, that they seek to establish their principles on a philosophical basis, instead of appealing to the authority of the letter. They defend their views by an exposition of human nature, as well as by texts of Scripture. This tendency is also visible in modern literature. The greatest poets have not escaped its influence. Byron and Wordsworth are indebted to it for their popularity, as well as to their unquestioned genius. It is still more distinctly visible in theological literature. It is seen even in the title pages of books which have the widest circulation. Instead of 'Essays,' 'Treatises,' 'Evidences,' and so forth, we now have 'The Philosophy of Man's Moral Nature,' 'The Philosophy of the Evidences of Christianity,' and the like. The taste for works on philology, criticism, the interpretation of the Scriptures, and the external evidences of religion, has yielded to a deeper interest in questions relating to the ultimate foun-

dation of faith, and the testimony to religion presented by the human soul. A few years since, in this community, a valuable work on the Old Testament, on the Gospel history, or an original Commentary, would have produced a sensation; now such works may be published, without any sensation whatever. Men are seeking truth on a different order of questions; questions, which it is the business of philosophy to illustrate and expound.

"It is in vain for men to shut their eyes on the existence and importance of this philosophical movement, or to affect to wink it out of sight. They may correct it, where it is wrong; but they must first study its character. They may endeavor to arrest its progress; but they must first understand its direction. They may put down Trancendentalism, if they can; but they must first deign to comprehend its principles.

"But it may be said, that philosophical systems are temporary, and, therefore, it is not worth while to make them the object of study. Admitting that systems are temporary, the truth which they embody is permanent. The discoveries of philosophy remain, are incorporated with the whole texture of popular thought, act on the institutions of society, long after the person to whom they owe their origin has passed into comparative obscurity, and ceased to number any professed followers. There are no Cartesians now; but the reasonings of Descartes on matter and spirit influence the opinions of every student of human nature. There are no Hartleians now; but the doctrines of Hartley, in regard to the association of ideas, belong to our established science. There are no Kantians now, it is said, in Germany; but it is certain, that the influence of the profound analysis of the mind by the great philosopher of Königsberg is everywhere visible.

"Besides, systems of philosophy are as permanent as any scientific systems, with the exception only of pure mathematics. Geology has experienced changes which well nigh baffle the student; and even now the experiments of Mr. Faraday bid fair to introduce a complete revolution into the science of chemistry.

"But it is said, moreover, that philosophy tends to infidelity, and that its connexion with religion endangers the interests of the latter. It is thought that the only safety for religion consists in never looking philosophy in the face.

"It is not a little remarkable, that this objection has been uniformly brought against the best systems of philosophy on their first promulgation. Their authors have been accused of atheism, decried as dangerous, and exposed to the attacks of popular clamor. Descartes was called an atheist; Locke was called an atheist; Kant was called an atheist; and recently, the

eminent French Eclectic, Cousin, has been called an atheist; in the latter case with as much propriety as in the former, and with not a whit more.

"But the objection, that philosophy tends to infidelity, is not sustained by historical facts. The skepticism of the most distinguished English infidel, David Hume, was not founded in philosophy, but in the want of philosophy. He called in question the power of the mind to gain a knowledge of truth; his purpose was to pick everything to pieces; he built up nothing, and argued against philosophy, with as much zeal as his religious opponents have done since. The French philosophy of the last century did not produce the infidelity of the French nation; it had its own origin in the infidelity which had long been prevalent; and the modern philosophical movement in that country, so far from being of an infidel character, exhibits an earnest faith in religion, and is friendly, to say the least, to Christianity. Neither did German infidelity proceed from German philosophy. It commenced with critics and philologists. Semler is usually regarded as at the head of this movement; it was carried on by Michaelis and Eichhorn, philologists both; and the return to a higher order of ideas, to a living faith in God, in Christ, and in the Church, has been promoted by the philosophical labors of such men as Schleiermacher and De Wette. This tribute is due in justice to the last named individuals, ill-adapted as their views may be to meet the popular wants in our own country.

"After noticing some other less important objections to the study of philosophy, Dr. Walker closed his discourse with an admirable description of the spirit with which this study should be carried on, in connexion with religion. The philosopher, when approaching the loftiest themes of human thought, especially when he attempts to investigate the Divine essence and attributes, should be impressed with the solemn nature of his inquiries, should cherish a meek and reverent disposition, like the seraphim, who, when they bow before the presence of God, veil their faces with their wings.

"We trust that this powerful and luminous Discourse will be soon given to the public from the press. It may do much to correct many prevalent, and, at first view, almost hopeless errors with regard to the true nature and purposes of Transcendental inquiry. A religious community has reason to look with distrust and dread on a philosophy, which limits the ideas of the human mind to the information of the senses, and denies the existence of spiritual elements in the nature of man. They will welcome a philosophy of an opposite character, a philosophy which maintains a sublime harmony with the teachings of revelation, which brings home the most vital truths to individual

consciousness, and which establishes the reality of freedom and holiness, as the noblest object of human endeavor. Such a philosophy has been taught in Great Britain by Butler, Price, Stewart, Reid, and Coleridge; in Germany by Kant, Jacobi, and Schleiermacher; in France by Cousin, Jouffroy, and De Gerando; and we rejoice to add is now taught with signal ability, in the halls of our venerated University, by the author of this discourse."

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## The Atheneum Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture.

The gallery of paintings has been well worth visiting this year, if only to see the very beautiful copy of the Madonna, and the heads of Raphael, Guido, and the Fornarina, each of which unlocks a treasury of fine suggestions. The Fornarina shows to great advantage between Newton's two pictures, so excellent in their way, the Dutch girl and Spanish girl. These are such pretty pictures of modern fine ladies in costume, and seem to represent the idea which a highly cultivated fashionable society entertains of grace and romance, while the Fornarina represents the wild luxuriant growth of real romance, and suggests Wordsworth's lines —

> "O, lavish Nature, why
> That dark unfathomable eye,
> Where lurks a spirit that replies
> To stillest mood of softest skies,
> Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
> Another's first, and then her own."

"The Dream" is a fine picture in the romantic style. It is one of those works which, if not themselves of commanding excellence, waft to us the sweet breeze from an age capable of all excellence. Among the pictures by modern artists, we notice with great interest, several by Page. This artist has a fine eye for nature, and a contempt for all show and exaggeration. His pictures are always full of character. He does not seem born particularly for a portrait painter, inasmuch as these heads are not new revelations, but persons such as we have seen and known them. But all, that we do find, is true, full of life and freshness. His heads of children are excellent, in a style of great naiveté and sweetness; they are not well dressed little cherubs, but rich in the promise of sincere and natural manhood and womanhood. Should this artist ever be able to unfold his powers in a congenial element, he is able to go a great way and may turn over a new leaf for America. Two little landscapes by Miss Clarke deserve greater attention than from their

size and position they are likely to receive. They show a profound and quiet feeling of nature, perfect chasteness and delicacy of taste. They are deficient in freedom and fulness of expression, but give reason to hope for the attainment of these also. Several other pictures seem to claim our stay; but the present limits oblige us to hasten into the hall of Sculpture, which demands our especial attention now from its novelty; the opening of which, indeed, forms to us quite an important era in the history of Boston.

We reflect with great pleasure, that these calm and fair ideals, manifested in this spotless and durable material, have for the most part adorned for some years the houses of our citizens, and, doubtless, have been the sources of love and thought to a great number of minds. But that the public should be sufficiently interested in such objects, to make it worth while to collect them yearly for exhibition, is none the less an important event. It is very pleasing to see how this influence has gone forth from the private to the public sphere. The movement has been gradual, genuine, and therefore has meaning; and it is of no trifling significance when men learn to love to see thoughts written in stone. They must look to a noble futurity; they must know how to value repose.

It is never so pleasant to see works of art in a collection, as when they are the ornaments of a home. Each picture, each statue claims its niche to be seen to due advantage. And yet, in this hall, there is an almost compensating pleasure in walking as it were amid a grove or garden of beautiful symbols, taken from the ages of mythus, and of beings worthy the marble, from the days of action. We can see many of them on all sides and study the meaning of every line.

And here are many objects worth study. There is Thorwaldsen's Byron. This is the truly beautiful, the ideal Byron. This head is quite free from the got up, caricatured air of disdain, which disfigures most likenesses of him, as it did himself in real life; yet sultry, stern, all-craving, all-commanding. Even the heavy style of the hair, too closely curled for grace, is favorable to the expression of concentrated life. While looking at this head you learn to account for the grand failure in the scheme of his existence. The line of the cheek and chin are here, as usual, of unrivalled beauty.

The bust of Napoleon is here also, and will naturally be named in connexion with that of Byron, as the one in letters, the other in arms, represented more fully than any other the tendency of their time; more than any other gave it a chance for reaction. There was another point of resemblance in the external being of the two, perfectly corresponding with that of

the internal, a sense of which peculiarity drew on Byron some ridicule. I mean that it was the intention of Nature, that neither should ever grow fat, but remain a Cassius in the commonwealth. And both these heads are taken, while they were at an early age, and so thin as to be still beautiful. This head of Napoleon is of a stern beauty. A head must be of a style either very stern or very chaste, to make a deep impression on the beholder; there must be a great force of will and withholding of resources, giving a sense of depth below depth, which we call sternness; or else there must be that purity, flowing as from an inexhaustible fountain through every lineament, which drives far off or converts all baser natures. Napoleon's head is of the first description; it is stern, and not only so, but ruthless. Yet this ruthlessness excites no aversion; the artist has caught its true character, and given us here the Attila, the instrument of fate to serve a purpose not his own. While looking on it, came full to mind the well known lines —

> "Speak gently of his crimes.
> Who knows, Scourge of God, but in His eyes those crimes
> Were virtues."

His brows are tense and damp with the dews of thought. In that head you see the great future, careless of the black and white stones; and even when you turn to the voluptuous beauty of the mouth, the impression remains so strong, that Russia's snows, and mountains of the slain, seem the tragedy that must naturally follow the appearance of such an actor. You turn from him, feeling that he is a product not of the day, but of the ages, and that the ages must judge him.

Near him is a head of Ennius, very intellectual; self-centred and self-fed; but wrung and gnawed by unceasing thoughts.

Yet even near the Ennius and Napoleon, our American men look worthy to be perpetuated in marble or bronze, if it were only for their air of calm unpretending sagacity. If the young American were to walk up an avenue lined with such effigies, he might not feel called to such greatness as the strong Roman wrinkles tell of, but he must feel that he could not live an idle life, and should nerve himself to lift an Atlas weight without repining or shrinking.

The busts of Everett and Allston, though admirable as everyday likenesses, deserved a genius of a different order from Clevenger. Clevenger gives the man as he is at the moment, but does not show the possibilities of his existence. Even thus seen the head of Mr. Everett brings back all the age of Pericles, so refined and classic is its beauty. The two busts of Mr. Webster by Clevenger and Powers are the difference be-

tween prose, healthy, and energetic prose indeed, but still prose, and poetry. Clevenger's is such as we see Mr. Webster on any public occasion, when his genius is not called forth. No child could fail to recognise it in a moment. Powers's is not so good as a likeness, but has the higher merit of being an ideal of the orator and statesman at a great moment. It is quite an American Jupiter in its eagle calmness of conscious power.

Of the groups many are our old friends and have been noticed elsewhere. The sleeping Cleopatra cannot be looked at enough, always her sleep seems sweeter and more graceful, always more wonderful the drapery. A little Psyche, by a pupil of Bartolini, pleases us much thus far. The forlorn sweetness with which she sits there, crouched down like a bruised butterfly, and the languid tenacity of her mood are very touching. The Mercury and Ganymede with the Eagle by Thorwaldsen are still as fine as on first acquaintance. Thorwaldsen seems the grandest and simplest of modern sculptors. There is a breadth in his thought, a freedom in his design, we do not see elsewhere.

A spaniel by Gott shows great talent and knowledge of the animal. The head is admirable; it is so full of playfulness and of doggish knowingness.

But it is impossible in a short notice to particularize farther. For each of these objects, that claims attention at all, deserves a chapter to express the thoughts it calls out. Another year we hope to see them all again, and then to have space and time to do them such honor as feeling would prompt to-day.

We hope the beauty of the following lines, suggested to a "friend and correspondent" by a picture now in the Atheneum Gallery, called "The Dream," may atone for the brevity and haste of our little notice.

## "THE DREAM."

A youth, with gentle brow and tender cheek,
  Dreams in a place so silent, that no bird,
No rustle of the leaves his slumbers break;
  Only soft tinkling from the stream is heard,
As its bright little waves flow forth to greet
The beauteous One, and play upon his feet.

On a low bank beneath the thick shade thrown,
  Soft gleams over his brown hair are flitting,
His golden plumes, bending, all lovely shone;
  It seemed an angel's home where he was sitting;
Erect beside a silver lily grew;
And over all the shadow its sweet beauty threw.

Dreams he of life? O, then a noble maid
  Toward him floats, with eyes of starry light,
In richest robes all radiantly arrayed
  To be his ladye and his dear delight.
Ah no! the distance shows a winding stream;
No lovely ladye comes, no starry eyes do gleam.

Cold is the air, and cold the mountains blue;
  The banks are brown, and men are lying there,
Meagre and old. But what have they to do
  With joyous visions of a youth so fair?
He must not ever sleep as they are sleeping,
Onward through life he should be ever sweeping.

Let the pale glimmering distance pass away;
  Why in the twilight art thou slumbering there?
Wake and come forth into triumphant day,
  Thy life and deeds must all be great and fair;
Canst thou not from the lily learn true glory,
Pure, lofty, lowly? — such should be thy story.

But no! I see thou lov'st the deep-eyed Past,
  And thy heart clings to sweet remembrances.
In dim cathedral-aisle thou 'lt linger last
  And fill thy mind with flitting fantasies.
Yet know, dear One, the world is rich to-day,
And the unceasing God gives glory forth alway.

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## Select List of Recent Publications.

Airs of Palestine, and other Poems. By John Pierpont. Boston: James Munroe and Company. 12mo. pp. 334.

Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature. Edited by George Ripley. Vols. VII., VIII., IX. Containing German Literature, translated from the German of Wolfgang Menzel. By C. C. Felton. In Three Volumes. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Company. 12mo. pp. 352, 428.

Two Years before the Mast. A Personal Narrative of Life at Sea. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 483.

This is a voice from the forecastle. Though a narrative of literal, prosaic truth, it possesses something of the romantic charm of Robinson Crusoe. Few more interesting chapters of the literature of the sea have ever fallen under our notice. The author left the halls of the University for the deck of a merchant vessel, exchanging "the tight dress coat, silk cap, and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Cambridge, for the loose duck trowsers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor," and here presents us the fruits of his voyage. His book

will have a wide circulation; it will be praised in the public prints; we shall be told that it does honor to his head and heart; but we trust that it will do much more than this; that it will open the eyes of many to the condition of the sailor, to the fearful waste of man, by which the luxuries of foreign climes are made to increase the amount of commercial wealth. This simple narrative, stamped with deep sincerity, and often displaying an unstudied, pathetic eloquence, may lead to reflections, which mere argument and sentimental appeals do not call forth. It will serve to hasten the day of reckoning between society and the sailor, which, though late, will not fail to come.

Theory of Legislation; by Jeremy Bentham. Translated from the French of Etienne Dumont, by R. Hildreth. In Two Volumes. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Company. 12mo. pp. 278, 268.

The Law and Custom of Slavery in British India, in a Series of Letters to Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq. By William Adam. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Company. 12mo. pp. 279.

The Laboring Classes. An Article from the Boston Quarterly Review. By O. A. Brownson. Third Edition. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 8vo. pp. 24.

Oration before the Democracy of Worcester and Vicinity, delivered at Worcester, Mass., by O. A. Brownson, July 4, 1840. Boston and Worcester. 8vo. pp. 38.

Remarks on the Bunker Hill Monument, addressed to the Ladies engaged in getting up the Fair for its Completion. By Elliott. Portsmouth: C. W. Brewster. 12mo. pp. 12.

A Discourse on Liberty, delivered before an Assembly of the Friends of Emancipation, in the Christian Chapel, in Providence, July 4, 1840. By Thomas P. Rodman. Providence. 8vo. pp. 15.

Faust; A Dramatic Poem, by Goethe. Translated into English Prose, with Notes, &c. By A. Hayward, Esq. First American, from the third London Edition. Lowell and New York. 12mo. pp. 317.

A Collection of the Political Writings of William Leggett, selected and arranged, with a Preface, by Theodore Sedgwick, Jr. In Two Volumes. New York. 12mo. pp. 312, 336.

Social Destiny of Man: or Association and Reorganization of Industry. By Albert Brisbane. Philadelphia. 12mo. pp. 480.

This work is designed to give a condensed view of the system of M. Fourier, for the improvement and elevation of productive industry. It will be read with deep interest by a large class of our population. The name of Fourier may be placed at the

head of modern thinkers, whose attention has been given to the practical evils of society and the means of their removal. His general principles should be cautiously separated from the details which accompany their exposition, many of which are so exclusively adapted to the French character, as to prejudice their reception with persons of opposite habits and associations. The great question, which he brings up for discussion, concerns the union of labor and capital in the same individuals, by a system of combined and organized industry. This question, it is more than probable, will not be set aside at once, whenever its importance is fully perceived, and those who are interested in its decision will find materials of no small value in the writings of M. Fourier. They may be regarded, in some sense, as the scientific analysis of the coöperative principle, which has, within a few years past, engaged the public attention in England, and in certain cases, received a successful, practical application.

The Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes of Rome, during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Leopold Ranke. Translated from the German, by Sarah Austin. In Three Volumes. London: Murray.

This beautiful work gives a sketch of the history of the Church from the time of Christ to Leo Tenth; then a minute history of the epoch of the Reformation, and especially of the attempts made in good faith, within the church, for its reformation, and shows how these proved abortive, notwithstanding the sincerity and enlightened views of many Catholic prelates. The rise and progress, corruption and destruction of the Jesuits is carefully told. The work closes with a view of the history of the church up to the time of Napoleon; and the present state of things. In design and execution, the work is truly a poem; and it has been adequately translated.

Poetry for the People and other Poems. By Richard Monckton Milnes. London: Moxon.

Democracy in America. Part the Second. By Alexis De Tocqueville. In Two Volumes. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. London.

The Life of Luther; with Notices and Extracts of his Popular Writings. Translated from the German of Gustavus Pfizer, by T. S. Williams. With an Introductory Essay, by the Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm." London.

The Universal Tendency to Association in Mankind, analyzed and illustrated. With Practical and Historical Notices of the Bonds of Society, as regards Individuals and Communities. By John Dunlop, Esq. London.

The Last Days of a Condemned. From the French of M. Victor Hugo. By Sir P. Hesketh Fleetwood, Bart., M. P. London.

Account of the Recent Persecution of the Jews at Damascus: With Reflections thereon, and an Appendix, containing various Documents connected with the Subject. By David Solomons, Esq. London.

The Fine Arts in England, their State and Prospects, considered relatively to National Education. Part I. The Administrative Economy of the Fine Arts. By Edward Edwards, of the British Museum. London.

Memoirs and Letters of Sir Samuel Romilly, with his Political Diary. Edited by his Sons. Second Edition. In Three Volumes. London. 8vo.

Goethe's Theory of Colors. Translated from the German, and edited, with Notes, by Charles Lock Eastlake, R. A. London.

Materialism in Religion; or Religious Forms and Theological Formulas. Three Lectures, delivered at the Chapel in South Place, Finsbury. By Philip Harwood. London.

The title of this pamphlet would lead one to expect somewhat significant in its contents. Such an expectation is not disappointed on the perusal. We find here no stale thoughts repeated till the breath of life is pressed out of them, but the fresh and bold, though now and then crude, expressions of a mind that is clearly in earnest, and wont to look at man and nature, through no veil. The spirit, which ceases not to work through evil report and good report in the midst of our own society, is quick and powerful abroad. It is indeed almost startling to listen to the echoes of familiar voices, as they are borne to us from strange lands. Let them be welcomed from whatever quarter they come, as proofs, pleasing though not needed, of the identity of truth, and its affinity with the human soul.

The author of these Lectures proposes to consider the tendency, more or less observable in all the great religious organizations of mankind, to materialize religion; to clothe the religious idea in a material garb, and confine it in material forms. He pursues this tendency, through the religious history of the world, in three of the most remarkable phases which it has successively assumed, — Judaism, Catholicism, and sectarian Protestantism. The following passage explains his point of view.

"I have no controversy, then, with the tendency to materialize religion. There is truth in it; it is, in a manner, the beginning and the end, the Alpha and the Omega of all religion. To read the spiritual in the material, the infinite in the finite, the invisible things of God in the things that he has made, and then to re-embody our spiritual conceptions in new material forms of life and action — this is all the religion that the wisest of us can have. The two principles of spiritualism and materialism are antagonistic in their lower developments only. In their perfected form they coincide: the climax of the one is

also the climax of the other. Thus a rude, coarse Christianity is material; clings to the mere personality of Christ; worships Christ; makes a God of him; will hear of nothing but faith in Christ, love to Christ, obedience to Christ. A more refined and spiritual Christianity (as represented, for instance, by the Unitarians of Priestley's School) leaves the man Christ Jesus rather in the background; and takes his doctrines, his precepts, his religion, and worships these; and says that it does not very much matter what we think of him, or whose son he was, so that we take his religion, and believe that. A yet higher and more spiritual Christianity comes back to the personality of Christ, and sees that he is his own religion; that he is a sort of incarnation of God, a word of God made flesh; that *he* is the word, the revelation, the text — and all the rest mere marginal comment, more or less authentic. In like manner, a rude, coarse Natural Religion clings to material nature; makes graven images, and bows down to worship them. The first step in refinement is to leave the material; to break the images; to seize the conception of the Spirit that *made* the heavens and the earth, and dwells apart, outside the material world. At the next step the mind reunites the spiritual and the material, and grasps the mighty thought of the all-pervading Intelligence and Power, the all-quickening Love, in whom we live, and move, and have our being; who dwells in us, and we in Him, through whom, and by whom, and to whom are all things." — pp. 7, 8.

The spirit of life, however, tends always to break through the material forms, with which it is obstructed.

"Yet, after all, strong as the material form may be, the spirit — the living soul — is stronger still. Natural, vital growth is mighty even as a mechanical force. The softest seed, if there be but life in it, will burst the hardest shell; and the growing power of a principle will make its way through all the wrappages and encasings of a form. The prophetic administration of religion — free, bold, reaching forth and pressing forward to the future — will ever be too strong for the priestly — mechanical, servile, leaning lazily upon the past. There is Judaism, with all its passovers, and burnt-offerings, and golden candlesticks, down, sunk like lead in the depths of the past: and here is Christianity, up, now this moment at the top of the world, with its divine, everlasting symbols stimulating new thought, and yielding new results of life and action, (like the tree of life in the Apocalypse, that bare her fruit every month) — beaming light in life and hope in death, bracing the will of philanthropy and steadying its aims, — a Comforter, a Spirit of Truth and of God, a Holy Spirit, dwelling with us forever, with inspiration as new and fresh, as when Christ had it first in his cottage-home at Nazareth." — pp. 16, 17.

There is unquestionable truth in the idea of the Catholic Church, which the author thus interprets.

"Undoubtedly there is (or, if not *is*, might, could, and should be) a Church Universal, a Communion of Saints, a fellowship of good and true minds, reaching through all time and spread over all lands; a union of all minds and hearts in great moral convictions — in a faith — faith in one another, faith in truth, and in a true God: we can con-

ceive of such a fellowship, or Church, as this — a kingdom of heaven, of heavenly truth and love, upon the earth: we can form the idea; it was the idea in which Christ lived and died: — we may conceive of such a Church (whether with or without what is called 'ecclesiastical polity') — a general pervasion of the spirit of humanity with Christ's spirit, a kingdom of Christ and of God, which, beginning like a grain of mustard seed, should gradually grow up, by the expansive vitality that is in all true and good things, into a tree — a tree of life — giving fruit and shelter to all the kindreds of men. This is the Christian conception of a Church Catholic or Universal. — And such a Church would have authority; it would (to borrow the favorite old Jesuit illustration) be a kind of Soul of the World, whose will would be law to the body, guiding and governing all the movements of the body, circulating vitality to every limb, sending the light of faith and the life of love through all social in titutions and organizations. Such a Church would be, in a manner, infallible; the united moral conceptions of a community of minds, each of them free, and dealing with reality on its own account — the conscience of the human race — cannot be false. We might almost say of such a Church, that its theological interpretations of Scripture would be infallible; since, if we could but know the general, collective impression which Scripture makes on the collective intellect of mankind — exercised freely, unbribed and unintimidated — we should have, in this united and consentatious experience of myriads of minds, variously endowed and trained — what now we have not, and cannot have — the *natural sense* of Scripture, the sense which it is naturally fitted to convey: error would neutralize error, leaving a clear balance of truth; and, after striking out of the account, as accidental and exceptional, all interpretations that have not stood the test of the general intellectual experience of mankind, we should have, in the residual faith of the Church universal, something like a standard Scriptural theology. And such a Church would realize the idea of the Apostolical Succession, the Christian hierarchy, or royal priesthood; would be quickened by the same Holy Spirit, or divine breath, that made fishermen and mechanics kings and priests unto God; a spirit not at all confined to one little territory of some miles square, called 'Apostolic See,' or one solitary dynasty of Italian princes called 'Popes' — but filling all things, with an omnipresence as of the God whose spirit it is. — There is an essential element of truth, then, in these favorite ideas of Catholicism." — pp. 25, 26.

Neither are monastic institutions without beauty.

"By its monastic institutions, the Catholic Church materializes the idea of Unworldliness, Heavenly-mindedness. Here, likewise, is truth — vital, essential truth — but turned into pernicious falsehood by being hardened into mechanism. There is something grand and beautiful in the principle that prompted the aspiration after a diviner life than man lives here, that gave men strength to renounce earth for heaven, to escape from the world and the evil of the world together, and make a bright green garden spot — an Oasis of God — in the midst of the world's wilderness, where piety, learning, meditation, kindheartedness should reign sequestered and alone, and the soul rest

in God, and serve Him day and night in his temple, with prayer, and vigil, and solemn chant — where a thoughtful philanthropy could tend and trim the sacred fire which, then flickering on the verge of extinguishment, was, in after-days, to burn forth with a brightness as of the sun in his strength; — this is, or was, very grand and beautiful: who can read, even now, such a book as that of Thomas à Kempis, without the sympathy of reverence for the earnest, deep-thoughted pietism that it enshrines? — All this, or great part of it, was true once; and it is right that the debt which civilization and humanity owe to those gatherings of the gentle and the wise should be paid in a generous and kindly appreciation." — pp. 29, 30.

We hope the imagination of the author has not thrown a false light around the tendencies of the age.

"Meanwhile there is, and increasingly must be, a mutual approximation of the simply and wisely good, of all churches and of no church. The great tendencies of modern thought and feeling are essentially unsectarianizing; move in the direction of an appreciating sympathy with the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, by whatever strange, uncouth nomenclature they may chance to disguise themselves. However it may fare with sects and churches, (which, after all, matters extremely little,) there is, and must be, a progressive and united approximation of free and true minds from all points, towards that Divine philosophy of the Peasant-Prophet, by whose name the world loves to call itself — a philosophy which lays the foundation of a spiritual theology and rears the superstructure of a spiritual religion — uttered in one of the sublimest sentences that ever fell from the lips of man, and there, from age to age, in the Bible that we all but worship, bringing the Finite Human into communion with the Infinite Divine — 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'" — pp. 33, 34.

The distinction between the spirit and the letter, which is set forth in the following extract cannot be insisted on too strongly.

"The idea of Divine Inspiration, for instance — breathing of God upon the soul — is miserably mechanised, straitened, and shut up in a mechanical form. Instead of a vital moral impulse, touching the springs of thought and affection, a divine spirit of truth leading into truth — we have that poor, cold, artificial thing, *intellectual infallibility*. Thus we say, 'The Bible is an inspired book' — (which it is, to a degree in which perhaps no other book is inspired, instinct with a life and living power that can only come from the Fountain of life) — 'the Bible is an inspired book, a kind of written word of God — therefore prophets and apostles were infallible, could not make mistakes. To say that a prediction has been falsified by history, that a train of reasoning is illogical, that a cosmogony is unphilosophical — is to deny inspiration, to disbelieve the word of God.' Bible-worship has, with us, taken the place of the old Catholic image-worship. It really would seem that the Bible, and the Bible only, *is* the religion of Protestants. We worship the Book as devoutly as our fathers worshipped the Virgin and the Saints. The faith and reverence which our best human

sympathies and profoundest religious convictions cannot but give to this wonderful collection of writings — to the divine spirit of beauty, power, love, moral earnestness that breathes through it — is hardened into a mere theological homage to the letter; even to the letter of a particular text, of a particular translation; the text being known all the while to be partly fraudulent, and the translation to be considerably erroneous; yet both text and translation zealously maintained, that people's faith may not be shaken. We worship the Bible. We allow of no religious truth except biblically deduced opinions; no religious education without Bible, whole and unmutilated, for reading and spelling-book; no religious instruction for grown men and women without a Bible-text for motto and preface; no religious worship even, without a Bible-chapter interpolated at the right time and place between prayer and hymn. Morality, religion, theology, must all be biblical. Religion is not in ourselves, but in the book; the sense of which is to be got at by hard reading. Inspiration is a thing that was once; that is now past and distant, external to us, and to be brought near by 'evidences.' Christianity is a congeries of opinions to be proved; the materials of the proof lying in the Bible, or in books proving the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible. The end of all which is, that the Bible is not understood, is not appreciated, is precisely the least understood and appreciated book that men read." — pp. 40 – 42.

Early days in the Society of Friends, exemplifying the Obedience of Faith in some of its First Members. By Mary Ann Kelty. London.

The Protestant Exiles of Zillerthal; their Persecutions and Expatriation from the Tyrol, on separating from the Romish Church and embracing the Reformed Faith. Translated from the German of Dr. Rheinwald, of Berlin, by John B. Saunders. Second Edition. London.

Des Ameliorations Materielles dans leurs Rapports avec la Liberte, par C. Pecqueur. Paris. 12mo. pp. 363.

Cours d'Histoire de la Philosophie Morale au dix-huitième Siècle, Professè a la Faculte des Lettres en 1819 et 1820, par M. V. Cousin, Premiere Partie. — Ecole Sensualiste, publieè par M. G. Vacherot. 8vo. pp. 354.

Œuvres completes de Platon, traduites du Grec en Français, accompagnèes d'Argumens philosophiques, de Notes historiques et philologiques. Par Victor Cousin. Tome XIII. Appendice.

This volume completes the great enterprise of M. Cousin, to which he has devoted the labors of nearly twenty years. Every student of modern literature can now find easy access to the thoughts of the Athenian master, as they are here clothed in the enticing and graceful style of one of the best French prose writers. This admirable translation is not the least service, which M. Cousin has rendered to the interests of philosophical learning. The reception, which it has found among us, is a good omen for those who believe that the highest truth is not the ex-

clusive privilege of the scholar. May it help to diffuse more widely the pure love of beauty, the spirit of contemplation, and the clear perception of moral good, which alone can save our age!

Ueber Shakspeare's dramatische Kunst und sein Verhältniss zu Calderon und Goethe. Von Dr. Hermann Ulrici. Halle.

In this work the author gives a succinct history of the English Drama up to the time of Shakspeare, thus putting the reader in possession of the poet's point of sight; a picture of the age in which he lived, when the pomp of the middle ages acted strongly on the mind set free by the Protestant Reformation. Then follows an account of the poet's life, and the greater part of the book is devoted to "a development of Shakspeare's poetic vision of the world." This book is spoken of in the Halle Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung in terms of high commendation. The author has the "Philosophic depth," which we vainly look for in Schlegel's criticism of the great poet.

Geschichte des Urchristenthums durch A. Fr. Gfrörer, Professor Bibliothekar in Stuttgart. I. Das Jahrhundert des Heils. 2 vols. 8vo. II. Die Heilige Sage. 2 vols. 8vo. III. Das Heiligthum und die Wahrheit. Stuttgart. 1838–1840.

Professor Gfrörer is the author of another work, "Philo und die Alexandrinische Theosophie," which he regards as the vestibule of his present edifice. In the early volumes, as we understand, he attempts to derive Christianity from the Essenes, but in the latter, obeying the public cry against Strauss, he attempts to find its origin in Jesus. It appears to be a work of great pretensions and little merit, if we may judge from two able articles upon it, one in the Berlin Jahrbücher, and the other in the Halle Allg. Literatur Zeitung.

Rabbinische Quellen und Parallelen zu neutestamentlichen Stellen mit Benutzung der Schriften von Lightfoot, Wetstein Meuschen, Schöttgen, Danz etc. Zusammengestellt von F. Nork. Leipzig. 8vo.

This is the last production of a writer formerly hostile to Christianity. His real name is Korn; he has been a Jewish Priest, but has lately come over to Christianity.

Der Somnambulismus von Prof. Friedr. Fischer. in Basel. Vol. I. Das Schlafwandeln und die Vision. Vol. II. Der thierische Magnetismus. Vol. III. Das Hellsehen und die Besessenheit. 8vo.

Historische Entwickelung der speculativen Philosophie von Kant bis Hegel. Zu naherer Verständisgung des wissenschaftlichen Publicums mit der neuesten Schule dargestellt, von Heinrich Chalybäus. 2d edition. 8vo. Dresden. Moritz.